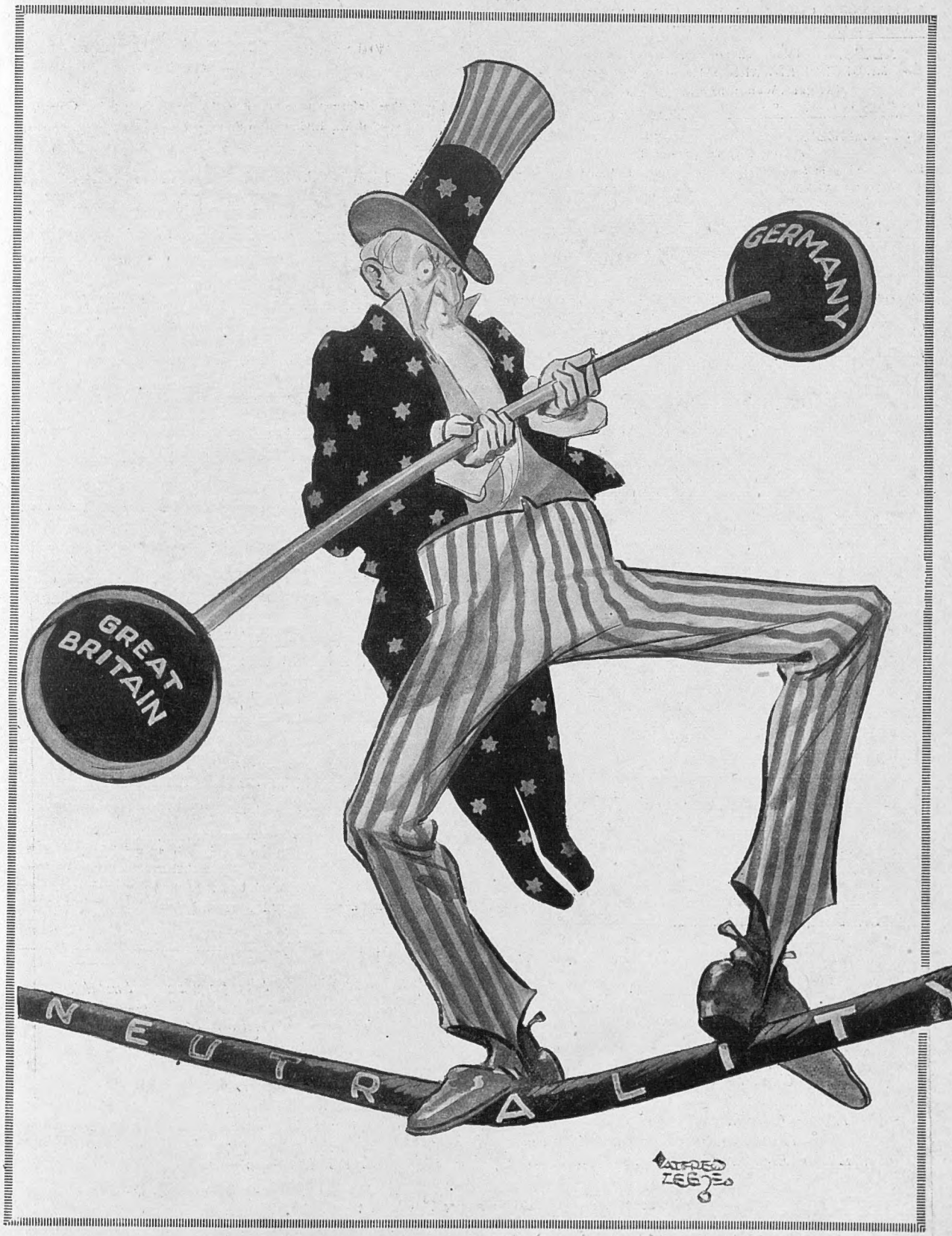
The Bystander, February 24, 1915.—No. 586. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



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FEW pictures in modern times have attracted such widespread notice as "The Great Sacrifice," Mr. James Clark's beautiful oil painting, which is reproduced in the Christmas Number of *The Graphic*. Through the medium of the popular high-class weekly it has come before an immense audience in all parts of the Empire, and it is still being eagerly sought by people who are anxious to preserve so fine a reflection of Great Britain's present elevated mood.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

ULYSSES AND THE SYRENS —*From* "New York Life"

Frightfulness Founded on Fiction

THE Germans, I see, are acknowledging that the idea of submarining British merchant ships came to them from reading a story by Sir A. Conan Doyle in an American magazine, in which this particular form of frightfulness was forecast. Sir Arthur has naturally expressed his regret at having been of unintentional service to the enemy. The fact remains, however, that many of the horrors of the present war were forecast in British fiction, and the Germans have made it a matter of honour not to fall short in any way of the code of ruthlessness drawn up for them by our ever-obliging prophets of national disaster.

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Safeguards for the Future

Perhaps after the war we shall have a new Press Law, among the clauses of which will be one forbidding the writing of prophetic war stories, or the dissemination of the idea of war in any literary or artistic shape or form. Undoubtedly much of the responsibility for the present "inevitable" war is traceable to the effect on the German mind of the writings of Bernhardi, Frobenius, and Co., and on ours of the writings of kindred scaremongers. When you go about proclaiming a thing to be inevitable, the thing just has to happen. If nobody had "boomed" war we might never have had it.

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A Forbidden Topic

Now for the other side of the picture. While, during peace-time, anybody who liked could make a comfortable income out of war prophecies, any writer who, in time of war, sets down a few ideas as to how Peace might come, or appears in any way to want it to come, is promptly denounced as a sort of traitor. You may anticipate and appear to desire the change from a good to a bad condition of things, but you must on no account reverse the process.

KULTUR

The one thing that, according to the Kaiser, only Germans have —and can't get rid of

If Peace Talk is Taboo—

In every country, to talk of Peace—the one thing that everybody wants—is taboo. The Germans mustn't, because if they did the British would jeer at them and say they'd had enough. Contrariwise, the British mustn't, for they in turn would expose themselves to the same charge.

* *
*

—Who can Pave the Way to Peace?

Much has been said as to the desirability of dropping bombs on the works of Messrs. Krupp, the makers of war material. Had I my way, and control of our aircraft, I would, after annihilating Krupp, drop the bombs on the men at their desks who, no matter in which country, are responsible for prolonging the war by putting to shame those who would pave the way to Peace.

* *
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Why Not be Reasonable?

I would like to see a German peace proposal, if it appeared anywhere, discussed fairly, squarely, and politely on its general merits, in the hope that a British peace proposal would receive the same treatment. If we were all allowed to talk of War to our hearts' content in times of peace, why may we not talk of Peace in times of war? Peace is, after all, what each one of us is striving for, directly or indirectly, and none of us want it more than those who know by experience how hateful a thing is this modern trench warfare. Everybody, whether it be an individual or a nation, wants to live in some security from danger, and in some sort of friendship with his neighbours.

* *
*

After Six Months

In the early days of this war, to have talked of Peace would have been foolish, as the weapons of war had not been given their trial. Neither side had definitely shown the extent of its powers of offence or

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

defence. Six months on, we know pretty well the best, and the worst, about our relative warlike capacities. We have all put forth our utmost efforts, and we see exactly where we are. The enemy is "through" Belgium, and entrenched in Northern France. He is half through Poland, but he is out of Galicia. In the West he possesses some of the Allies' territory; in the East, the balance is even. Outside Europe, however, he has lost most of his Colonies, his access to the sea, his foreign trade and shipping, his credit and his good name. At home, by his own confession, he is on the verge of starvation, and try as frightfully as he may to strike a counter blow, he admits that he has no real reason to belive it will succeed.

* * *

The Europe of the Future

Our enemy has won something rather trivial on land, at the expense of his honour, but he has lost immeasurably more at sea. That being the case, he must be in the humour to come to terms, and right quickly. I admit that, in the military sense, he is not beaten half as badly as he deserves, and, if the war lasts long, probably will be. The war, anyway, is going on for many months to come, and we shall see what we shall see. The fact that the fighting men will continue to do their glorious best does not, however, seem to me to be a reason why anybody who likes, combatant or non-combatant, should not discuss openly what kind of a Europe he thinks ought to be settled upon so that there may be at least a chance of a long run of Peace and as much goodwill as is possible.

* * *

The "Crushing" Theory

Some excellent people believe that only by absolutely "crushing" Germany will Peace be obtainable. This argues that every other nation in Europe is, by comparison, an angel, and that only the Germans are vile. That seems to be true to us who live in these days, but it is not permanently true. If the "militarism" that has hitherto been German suddenly afflicts some other nation, are we absolutely sure that Europe will be any more tolerable or any more secure?

* * *

An Insurance Scheme

Europe has never been free from some nightmare. Before we had the German peril, we had the French, and the Russian. Before either, we had in turn Napoleon, the French Revolutionaries, and the Kings of Spain. Earlier still there were William the Norman, Hengist and Horsa, and Julius Cæsar. If we get rid of the German peril, rest assured another will readily enough take its place unless we have some sort of peace settlement which insures the nations against perils altogether, as we have insurance companies to insure citizens against fire, burglary, and sudden death.

* * *

Germany Must Be In It

Among the nations to be included in the insurance scheme, whether you like it or not, there will remain the Germans. Peace talk which doesn't take that rather tiresome fact into consideration will be waste of breath.

* * *

What is the Peace We Want?

Let us, then, disregard the scorn of our cheap Press and talk of the kind of Peace we want. Let us see exactly how far it differs from the kind of Peace an embarrassed and unsuccessful Germany might accept. The discussion can do no earthly harm, and might—by a miracle—do actual good.

* * *

Signs and Portents

Certain things have happened during the last few weeks which arouse one's curiosity as to whether there has been some change somewhere in official *personnel* of which the public is, as usual, not informed.

(Continued on page 250)

Wives of "Mentioned" Warriors

Photograph Thomson

LADY PEMBROKE

Wife of Captain the Earl of Pembroke, M.V.O.

Photograph Barnett

LADY CAVAN

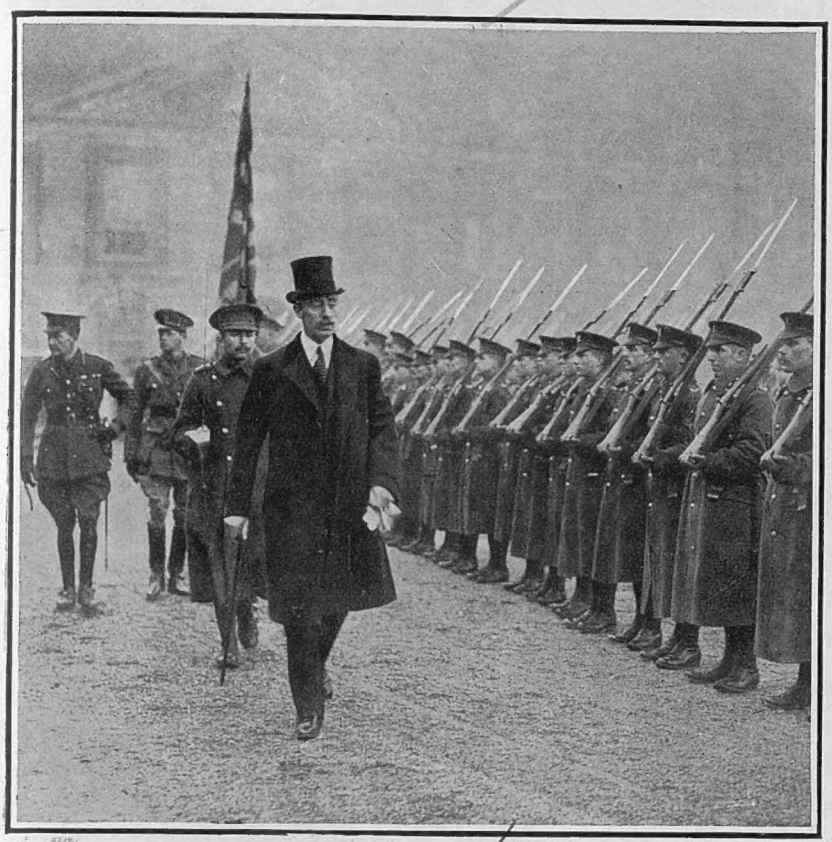
Wife of the Earl of Cavan, M.V.O., General Officer Commanding the Fourth Brigade of the First Army

Photograph Swaine

LADY MURRAY

Wife of Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Murray, Sir John French's Chief of Staff

Men Who Matter—More or Less



LORD WIMBORNE

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, inspecting the guard of honour at Dublin Castle, after being sworn in on Thursday last in the Council Chamber with the customary ceremonial before the Lords Justices and other Privy Councillors, of whom there was a large attendance

DR. PAGE
American Ambassador in London

IN THE THICK OF THE FOOD CRISIS

COUNT BERNSTORFF
German Ambassador in Washington

"ONE OF THE DISCOVERIES OF THE WAR"

Mr. Graeme Thompson, of the Admiralty Transport Department, who was so described recently by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons. He has risen from the post of a superintending clerk to that of a director in three months

SERBIAN PRINCE'S MISSION TO ENGLAND

Prince and Princess Alexis Karageorgevitch of Serbia, photographed in London with the Prince's secretary, a Serbian cavalry officer in uniform. The Prince has come, ostensibly, to raise funds for the Serbian Red Cross

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 248)

Among these are: The consent, after six months, to the formation of the Welsh Guards; the publication of Sir John French's account of the operations since November; the new bi-weekly British *communiqué*; the rumoured agreement to allow some correspondents to go somewhere near the front; the publication of the approximate number of men wanted for the Army and of British casualties during the war. It looks, doesn't it, as though some prejudices against some things have been at last disposed of.

* *
*

Why those "Honours"?

The *Blücher's* captain buried with full naval and military honours! But he is said to have confessed to having been one of the baby-killers-in-chief. Either he was one, or he wasn't. If he was, why the "honours"?

* *
*

Ominous

Isn't it, by the way, quite amazing that all the German ships should have gone down which bore names of the founders of Prussian militarism—*Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Yorck,* and *Blücher?* Some omen, that! I imagine, in view of future wars, the forthcoming German battleships will not bear the names of Hindenburg, and—er—by the way, what *are* the names of the *other* great German military leaders in the present campaign?

* *
*

Distance Lends Enchantment

Hindenburg is a name we in Britain can easily afford to respect — at a convenient distance. Hitherto, he has kept comfortably away from our "theatre." Long may he remain there.

* *
*

Something to Think About

Having read Sir John French's despatches, most of those who were so angry at the delay in publication are now busy wondering how much wiser, and how much happier, they would have been if the accounts of these operations had been delivered as desired in daily instalments.

* *
*

Timely Intervention

I am glad to see that the posters which implored employers to use their influence to recruit their servants are to receive the censorial attention of the War Office. If conscription is to come, let's have the real thing, not this half-baked substitute, which puts the responsibility for compulsion, which should be borne by the authorities, on private individuals.

* *
*

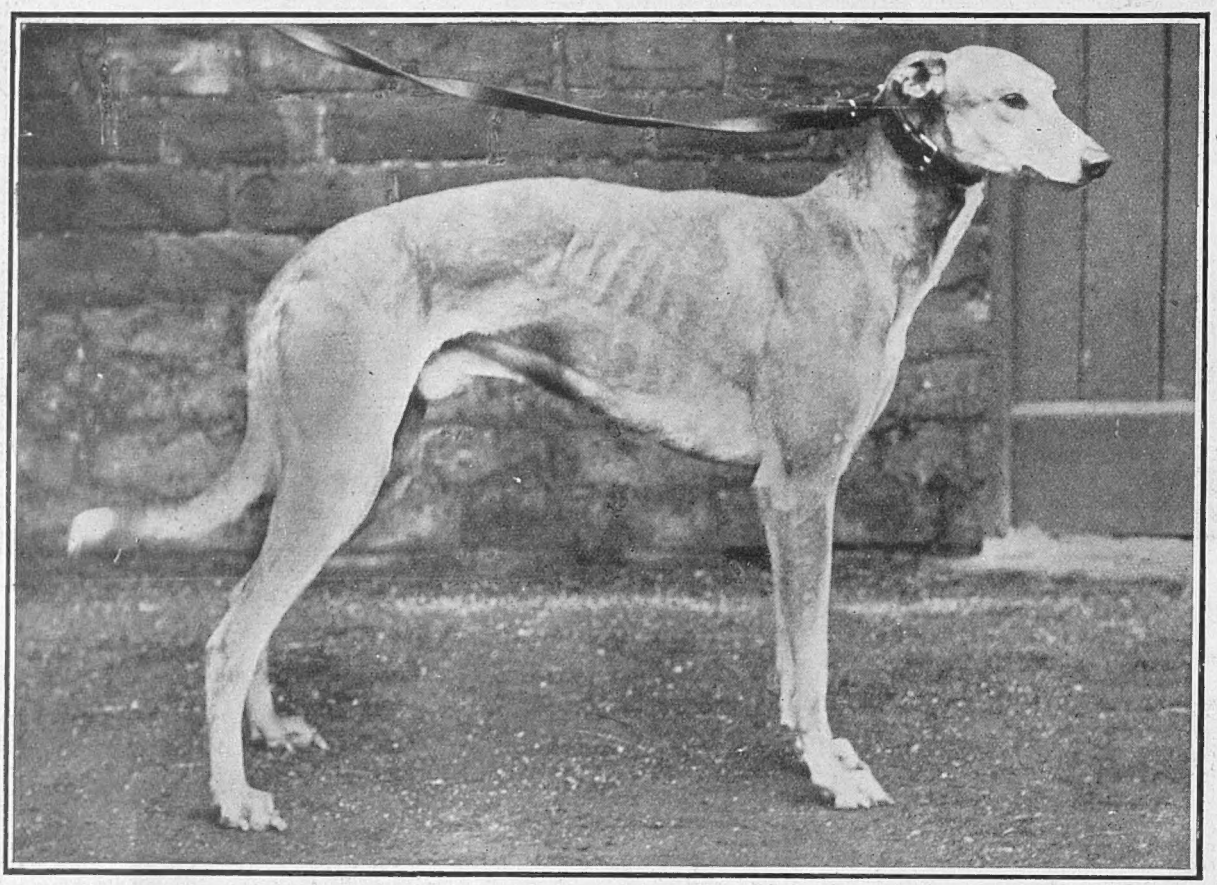
His "Good and Sufficient Reason"

In this connection, I heard of a man the other day who, being apparently of military age (though he was really over it) was confronted by the usual old gentleman in the usual railway carriage with the challenge why had he not joined?

"Oh, but I belong to the M.B.B.," said the victim.

"M.B.B.? What's that, sir?"

"The Mind my own Business Brigade," replied the other, resuming his reading of the paper.

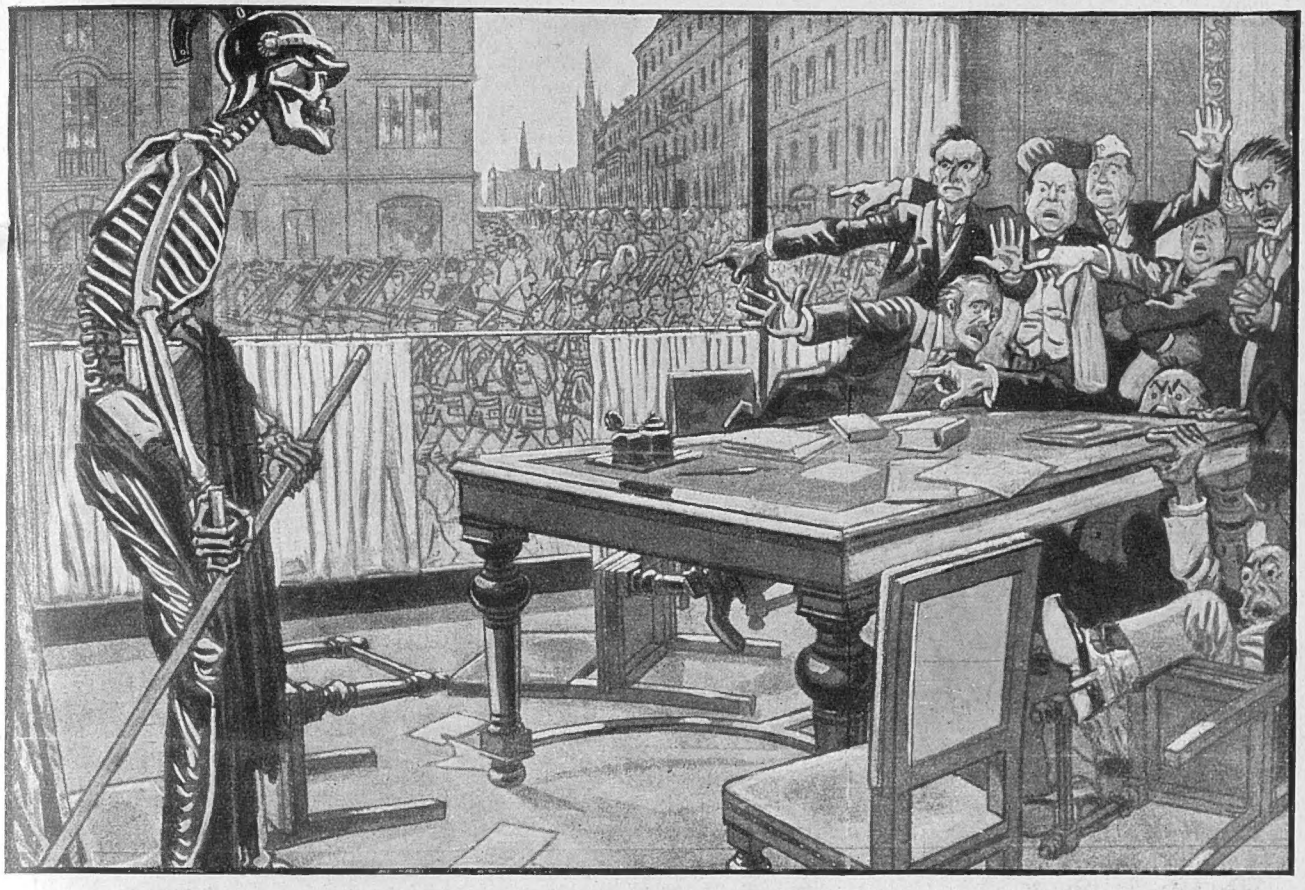


SIR THOMAS DEWAR'S "WINNING NUMBER," WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP

But for the death of his former owner, Mr. Paterson, almost on the eve of the contest, "Winning Number" might quite possibly have scored his first win in the Waterloo Cup last year instead of this. On the sale of the late Mr. Paterson's kennel, he was knocked down for 280 guineas to Sir Thomas Dewar, who is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his "first shot" at the Cup. It is now his ambition to win the Cup with a dog bred, as well as owned, by himself. "Winning Number" was trained by Denny Smith, the trainer of two previous Cup winners

The Spectre of Starvation

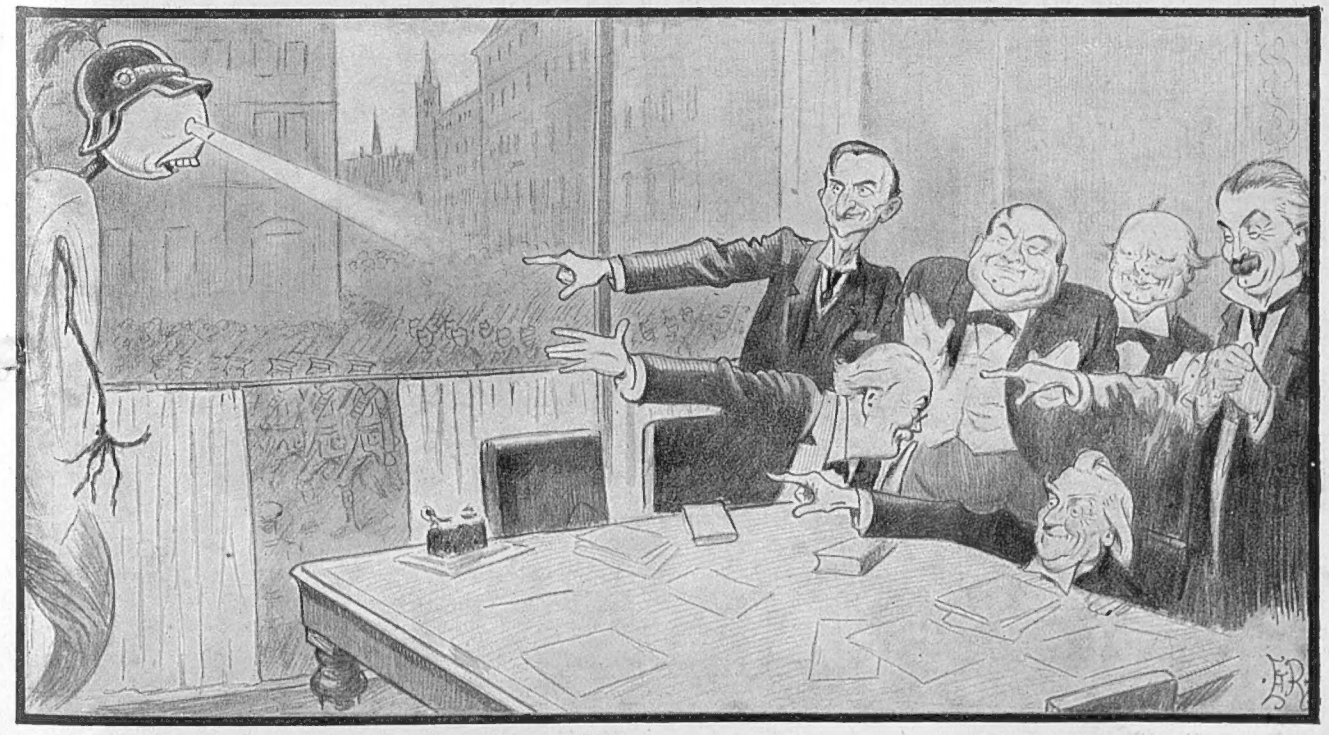
TWO VERSIONS OF ITS RECEPTION IN ENGLAND



THE GERMAN VERSION

Showing the Spectre of Death by famine, as a result of the blockade, appearing to Members of the Cabinet, the composition of which, by the way, is a trifle unusual

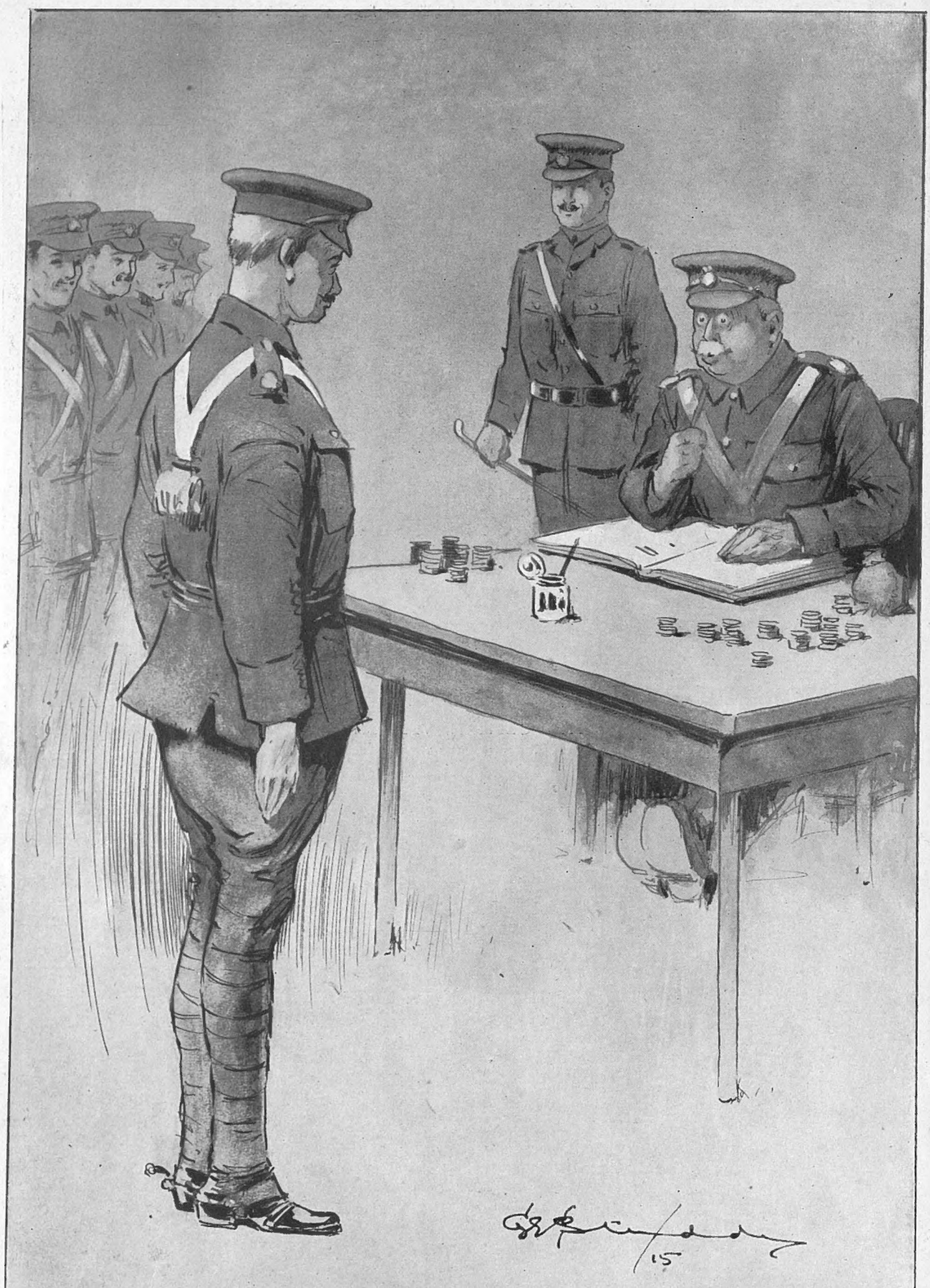
Reproduced from LUSTIGE BLÄTTER



THE ENGLISH VERSION

The same idea adapted by our artist so as to show the actual effect produced by the Spectre

Our Democratic Army



PAYMASTER TO TOMMY: "Now look here, my man, couldn't you do with five shillings and let me send the rest to your wife?"
TOMMY: "Very well, Sir, but, of course, she has her separation allowance"
PAYMASTER: "Yes, but the extra money would be a great help to her; let me see, what does she get?"
TOMMY: "I arranged that she should have eight hundred a year and one of the cars, Sir"

AN ADVANCE "REVELATION" FROM "THE BYSTANDER" OF NEXT YEAR

(As before the war there were written innumerable forecasts of how war would come, so before the Peace it is permissible to exercise the prophetic imagination as to how Peace might come. As many of the prophecies in the former case were instrumental in bringing war about, so it is possible that the following may at least suggest the way to Peace).

CHAPTER I.: THE MANNER OF ITS COMING

DURING the war, all the world that wasn't fighting busied itself discussing what was the real cause of it. Since the war was concluded we have been engaged in an equally illuminative and inconclusive discussion as to exactly how Peace came. As to the manner of its coming, that is fresh in the memory of all. Nobody will ever forget that staggering evening. We—the stay-at-homes—had gone the way of the day. We had lunched as usual, exchanged the usual crop of rumours, bewailed the slowness of the campaign, the lack of decisive action east, west, by sea and by land, the continued "neutrality" of Italy and Rumania. We had looked with anxious eyes to America, to be rewarded with platitudes. We had read the usual "nothing to report" of the French official despatch. We had sighed, and vainly asked, "Lord, how long?"

Then, on that very evening, as we strolled homeward through the darkening streets, our ears had been rent with that shrill vowel sound from the throats of a swarm of newsboys—the long sound of "ē." We had strained our ears, lest they deceive us. But the word had been repeated. We, with a dozen or so others, had fallen on the boys as if to destroy them, as we snatched from out their hands, in exchange for any coin we could lay hold of, the sheets which contained—presumably—the incredible news. We had opened and read the simple message, set in the blackest and boldest of type, which read:

PEACE SIGNED.

IT IS OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED THAT HOSTILITIES HAVE CEASED: THE WAR IS OVER

Not a word more. We stood still spellbound, as crowds gathered round. It was official, and true, of course. But how could it be? The papers had given no hint of any such possibility. For days past we had heard of continued actions east and west. The papers had been full of violent diatribes against the enemy, and of reproductions of his diatribes against us. We had read of the likelihood of a prolonged struggle: of the continued need for new recruits: of huge financial deals: of corners in food: of raids by submarines and aircraft. Statesmen had spoken of the likelihood of a long war. And now—it was suddenly over! The war had passed like a thief, and Peace had come like an angel, in the night.

We hung about the streets for hours, eagerly seizing on each successive edition of the papers. Yet in no one of them was there anything more than a repetition of the bare announcement we had already read. At nine o'clock sharp, London enjoyed a memorable sensation. Without a word of warning, the lights of the city, so long lowered and shaded, blazed forth in all their original glory—if you think London's lights are glorious. The streets were themselves again: so was the Embankment, so were the Parks, the palaces, and—the public-houses. The crowds cheered. It was the first real and visible proof of the truth of the

(Continued on page 254)

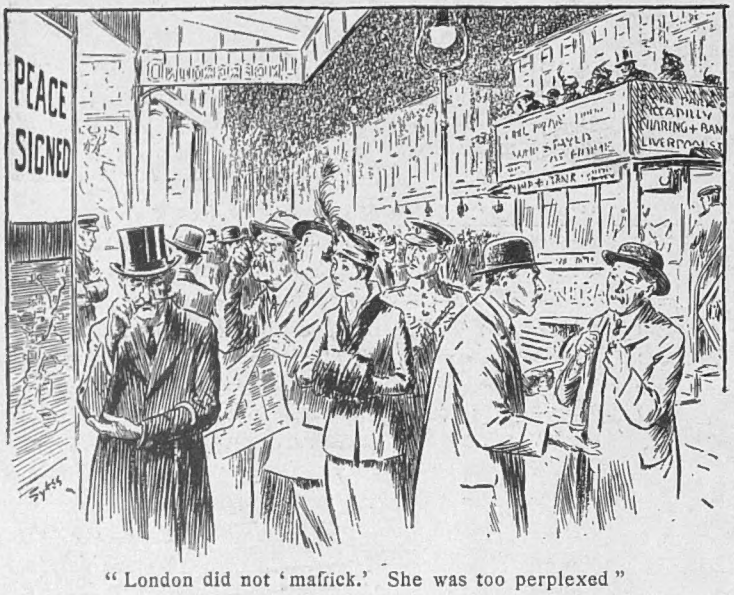
"We snatched from out their hands the sheets which contained the incredible news"

(All rights strictly reserved)

THE PEACE THAT CAME IN THE NIGHT (continued)

news that Peace had come. We realised that the Zeppelin obsession had vanished like a ridiculous dream.

But London did not "maffick." She was too perplexed. She still suspected that there was some-



"London did not 'maffick.' She was too perplexed"

thing wrong. We could no more grasp that we were at peace than on that night of August 4 we could quite grasp that we were at war. The one had come as suddenly as the other.

And how?

We awaited next day's papers. To our amazement, and to the indignation of many of us, they contained no more news of how Peace had been achieved than their predecessors of the night. All the news they gave us was the same bald, brief official announcement I have already quoted above. True, the leading articles—in laboured phrases which bespoke official inspiration—rejoiced at the fact that Peace had come. But not a word of criticism did any one of them make. The news-columns contained mostly histories of the great war: leading events of the campaign: heroes of the fight: memorable episodes: acts of daring, of bravery: tributes to the enemy. They "filled up" in grand style. But they did not tell us what we wanted to know—that is, how Peace had come: by whom it had been signed, where and ON WHAT TERMS.

Yes, that was what we all wanted to know, the TERMS. Had the Germans left Belgium? Had France got back her lost provinces? Had Poland been evacuated? Above all, had "Prussian militarism" been crushed as per Ministerial programme? (You remember we were only to "sheath the sword" when that had been accomplished.) So far as we knew, no one of these things had happened. Had the Allies given in? Had the Germans been beaten? What *had* happened?

We walked to Westminster next afternoon, all of us—the entire London public. Parliament was to sit, and the Prime Minister was to make a statement. Well, he made one. You remember what he said—something like this:

"Peace has been settled: the great war is over. It is an occasion for rejoicing. We can now resume our ordinary ways, free from the uncertainty and the dread which is inseparable even from successful warfare. Have we been successful?" Then he went over the events of the campaign, and proved to the House that we had been. Had it not been for our Alliance, the Germans would have placed Europe under the heel of militarism. They had not done this. Europe was to remain as before, the power of Germany to terrorise over, and dictate to, the world, having been definitely ended. "The terms of Peace," he began, and paused. The House sat up, bent its head forward and strained its ears. "Well, Mr. Speaker, if what hon. Members expect to hear from me is the terms of Peace, I fear they will be disappointed. Sir, there is Peace, but *there are no Terms.*"

The sensation was one which, I'm told, Parliament will never forget. Peace without Terms? What on earth did the Prime Minister mean? How could you have Peace without Terms? The Prime Minister resumed his discourse when the hubbub had subsided.

"As Treaties in the past, the moment they have ceased to suit the convenience of their signatories, have been torn up, and called scraps of paper; as Treaties have proved to be no protection for the rights and the honour of nations, we have decided to try the experiment on this occasion of dispensing with a Treaty. The Powers of Europe, by the will of their heads of State, have agreed to cease fighting, and to withdraw their Armies to within their own territories. That is all, Sir."

And the Prime Minister sat down, smiling a smile the inscrutability of which lingers for ever in the memory of those who saw it.

What happened after that is common history, and need not be recapitulated here. What I am able, however, to do is now to throw a little light on the circumstances under which Peace actually was secured. This I will relate in a second and last chapter, to be published next week.

(*To be continued*)

"There is Peace, but *there are no Terms*"

Scenes at the Waterloo Cup Meeting

INDIAN OFFICERS' INTEREST IN THE COURSING AT ALTCAR

PUNJAB CHIEFS WATCHING THE COURSING

Indian Orderlies find the Altcar air distinctly chilly

Capt. the Hon. Malik Mohammed Omar Hayat Khan (Tiwana 18th King George's Own Lancers) (right), with a brother officer

Lt. Malik Mumtag Mohammed Khan (Tiwana 9th Secunderabad Cavalry Brigade)

CAPTAIN PEEL TALKING TO HAROLD WRIGHT, THE FAMOUS TRAINER

Among the spectators at the Waterloo Cup Meeting at Altcar last week were several Punjab chiefs of the Indian Expeditionary Force, with their orderlies, home on leave from France. No man is keener on sport than the Indian soldier chieftain, and they naturally took a great interest in the coursing

No Use for Neutrals!

BY "DOWNWRITER"

I HAVE no dislike whatever for the admirable ladies, gentlemen, children, and dumb animals who inhabit the United States of America, the peninsulas of Italy and Scandinavia, and the low-lying lands of Holland. On the contrary, compared with some other nationalities that one wots of, I regard these peoples as members of the Angelic Host. But when even the most delightful man, woman, child, dog, or cat styles him, her, or itself something that he is not, and cannot of necessity be, I am bound politely to protest.

The thing which the inhabitants of above-mentioned localities style themselves is "Neutral." Now the Governments of these countries are, I know, in the eye of the law "neutral." That is to say, they aren't fighting, and, therefore, have to keep out of the way of those who are. That's all right. I have no quarrel with the Governments that, so far, haven't quarrelled. I respect them for their unbounded common sense. What I am out after is the individual who, because he happens to belong to any of the countries in question, talks, writes, and tries to act as though he himself were neutral. For that, of course, he isn't, and can't be.

When, for instance, a journalist belonging to America, Scandinavia, Italy, or Holland fills columns of the British Press, at British rates of pay, with "neutral" views or descriptions, and tries throughout to pretend he doesn't care a cent, öre, pfennig, or centesimo which of the two groups of the belligerents is in the right over the present brawl, or which of the two wins, he's talking like a person who has no right to exist.

There isn't an individual in any of the "neutral" countries who is so blind to facts, and deaf to arguments, as to have any right to be dumb in his sympathies. He either likes Germans or he doesn't. If he likes them, he will probably want them to win, and try to help them accordingly, if he can. On the other hand, if—as is exceedingly probable—he doesn't like Germans (nobody does, not even Germans), he will not want the Germans to win. He will know that their winning will be a most pestilential nuisance to the occupants of his own country.

Knowing the Germans—even if perchance he has the amazing perversity of taste to like them—he will not be under any illusions as to whether it was their wish to have war. He will know perfectly well it was their wish: that they were the best-prepared, that their Kaiser, Crown Prince, General Staff, Naval Staff, Professors, and the rest had been thinking war for a generation past, and wanted war because they knew they had the best chance of winning it.

I say that in this war, above all wars that ever were, there is "no sich person" as a neutral in the civilised world. In war between, say, Chili and Peru, neutral, yes! We should all be neutrals. In the war between Italy and Turkey many of us were neutrals. We didn't much care who won. It was either's funeral. In the Balkan war ditto. Thousands of us didn't care a button which exterminated which. But in a war between the Allies and Germany, nobody anywhere can really be neutral. He must wish one to give the other a licking, according to his personal predilection, his political principles, or his business interests.

When, therefore, I read in the papers an "impartial" account of what's doing in Germany, I know that the man who writes it is writing with his tongue in his cheek—or, more likely, with Germany money in his pocket. I object, therefore, to our English newspapers printing these emasculate effusions. Honest they cannot be; dishonest, they quite possibly are. If, furthermore, I run against an American, Scandinavian, Dutchman, or Italian who persistently changes the subject whenever the war is mentioned or confines himself to non-committal smiles, nods, coughs, and grunts, I badly want to take that man and hit him. I know he is a living lie. In his secret heart of hearts he knows well enough which side is fighting the right battle, and which side ought to win; also, which side he wants to win.

When I read of "neutral States," and am asked to regard the countries indicated as such on the war map as living organisations of dead souls; mumblers of perpetual "mum"; sitters on eternal fences; and when I know full well that each of the individuals comprising their populations not only knows where his sympathies are, but outspokenly says so, I say that the "neutral State" is a misnomer. When I read of the "rights of neutrals" I want to ask, in a loud voice, what are the rights of those who do not exist? What is this vigorous old world coming to that it should listen at the hour of Destiny to the false voice of the eunuchs among the nations?

I despise as much as anybody the German threat to sink merchant ships. But I make no thin distinction between the ships of the Germans' enemies and those of the neutrals. In a measure I sympathise with the German attitude of "who's not with us is against us," and "keep out or take the consequences." To neutral States I say: Is Germany fighting fair, or isn't she? If she's fighting foul in sinking unarmed merchantmen, it's mean of you "Neutrals" merely to squeal out because you run the risk of sharing the fate of our sailors. Come out into the open! Tell Germany that in sinking any merchant ship, without giving her crew the legal chance of escape, she's behaving as the blackguard you've all along known her to be, and come in with us and down the ruffian for good and all. Fly your "neutral" flags by all means, as they give you a sporting chance of escape, but once you've lost a ship, don't haggle about it at The Hague, but play the man and join those who are fighting the right fight against the enemy of all!

DOWNWRITER

Farewell, a Long Farewell to all my—ahem—er—Greatness

LORD ABERDEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM DUBLIN

THE LATE LORD-LIEUTENANT TAKES A FAREWELL RIDE THROUGH DUBLIN

THE departure of the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair (late Tara) from Ireland at the close of his Viceroyalty was accompanied by many expressions of regret—the genuineness of which, on Lord Aberdeen's part at any rate, is attested by his woe-begone looks (see above) on his last Viceregal progress through "dear, dirty Dublin." Lord Aberdeen, indeed, may well look back from his retirement at Haddo House with feelings of doubt whether the future (and Mr. Asquith) will have anything to offer him to compare with the honours which he, a Scotchman, has culled from the—one would have imagined—uncongenial soil of Ireland. That his tenure of office has been the longest on record is surprising enough in itself, though Scotchmen are proverbially tenacious of their posts—along the line of least resistance—and in addition he has taken back with him to his native land a Marquisate, the Thistle and the G.C.V.O. The Irish people, perhaps, made it plain enough that they would have preferred a Viceroy and Vicereine of more Viceregal manner, even if of less domestic excellence, but Lord Aberdeen, as he showed in a message referring to his "magnificent send-off" and the "vast crowds" at his departure, is determined to view his Irish career through glasses of the rosiest tint. Nor will Irishmen wish to grudge him that luxury—now.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 22, 1915.
DEAR COUSIN—

LONDON—and Mr. Churchill—keep quite wonderfully cheerful, and the very latest prices to go up, I've noticed, are the restaurant ones. They're doing such business, so I'm told, that they're making hay while the sun shines, so to speak, and seeking to do still better.

* * *

No doubt you've read how the Prime Minister, cheerful too, when heckled on the great dear food question, refused point blank to sympathise. On the contrary, that we ought to think ourselves very lucky was the tenour of his reply. Obviously, as he says, you can't be immersed in the biggest, most wasteful, and most destructive war the world's ever seen without feeling the pinch somewhere somehow. Yet, mines and blockades and those German submarines notwithstanding, never in all history have we fed so well as we're feeding to-day.

* * *

That, really, is rather wonderful, I suppose. But, then—well, in my humble opinion we are a rather wonderful people. If you could only have a telephoto peep at London you'd agree with me. Life goes on so very much as usual. They say even New York is more affected by the war than we are, socially and as far as amusements go, anyway. And she is still outside, though hovering on the brink, while we've been right in the thick of it for nearly seven months.

"London simply seethes with rumours, crop after crop of them"

* * *

And haven't even had to think really seriously of conscription yet. For recruiting is quite satisfactory, according to Mr. Tennant, who ought to know—he's the Under-Secretary for War, you know, and deputises for Lord Kitchener in the Commons, and gets asked a lot of questions that no one would dare ask "K.," and wears big specs, too, but his are framed fashionably in tortoiseshell. Considering our very unwarlike character, the way our men have risen to the call of arms is perfectly wonderful. Don't you think so?

* * *

Of course, it's a fact that not *quite* all who might have responded *have*. But even their attitude is the "I'll come when fetched" one. And if anyone's to blame most of us think it's the dreadfully cheery optimists in our midst, combined with the official censors, who either tell us nothing at all, or only what they think is good for us.

* * *

Rather a dangerous way of going about things—and may lead eventually to a rather rough awakening. Tell a naturally peaceful-minded people all the time and every time that the enemy are being beaten everywhere, that the Russians have "wiped them out" (about once a week), and that their Navy is utterly defeated whenever we sink a cruiser or two—and it acts like water dropping on a stone, slowly but surely.

* * *

Keep it up only long enough, and that sort of thing has a soothing syrup effect which only a very violent shock clears out of the system. Even among people who really ought to know better I myself know several who—having read their daily paper diligently—can't think what Lord Kitchener wants a second million men for. Not to beat the Germans with, obviously. For, according to the optimists, they're already beaten, and have been beaten ever since the beginning of the war.

* * *

A good many people, I think, are rather like the Irishman who had "far too great a regard for the truth to be dragging her out on every paltry

"One American young woman got a New York paper to announce that she had gone to the front to nurse British wounded, when all she really succeeded in doing was to wash up dirty mugs in a Y.M.C.A. hut"

A Beautiful Irish Peeress

Photograph *Bassano*

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE VISCOUNTESS MASSAREENE AND FERRARD
She is a daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, the Liberal M.P. for Argyllshire

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

occasion." Personally, face to face with the big things—and I suppose we've never faced a bigger—I prefer the truth, however jarring, to lies, however pleasing. More dignified for one thing, and, in the end, simpler. And then, don't you think it belittles the splendid efforts of our soldier and sailor men—this super-optimistic point of view which can't, or won't, acknowledge the tremendous dangers and difficulties of their task?

* * *

And all the secrecy and muzzling and mystifying has, of course, the usual effect. London simply seethes with rumours, crop after crop of them, rumours big and small, rumours absurd and otherwise, but none too big or too small or too absurd to be bandied from mouth to mouth—and to get sent out for circulation in America and elsewhere, where there is more danger of their being taken seriously. I suppose a voluntary plain statement of just plain facts is too much to expect of a Liberal Government. But I do wish someone could devise some means of forcing it out of them.

* * *

If we only had a few women now at Westminster—some of those who've "gone to the war," perhaps. Men are *so* frightened, aren't they, of that kind of woman who bosses everything and everybody. I am myself, so I know just how they feel about it.

* * *

I hear a good deal about these ladies from friends in one of the big French coast towns. It seems they settled on the town like locusts last autumn and completely elbowed out all mere residents from their work among the troops and the wounded. Even the English chaplain's wife, a lady of very well-known family who'd been there for years and years and had worked like a slave since the beginning of the war, was obliged to retreat before the invading horde.

* * *

The jealousy was simply awful—everybody giving orders and no one taking any—you know the sort of thing. And as for nursing—most of them had to be nursed themselves, sooner or later. They weren't a bit fitted, naturally, to stand the roughing it and the draughts and the standing about, and they *would* wear transparent stockings and pink silk nighties—so they fell ill positively in rows with awful colds and septic throats and things.

* * *

One American young woman before she sailed had her notepaper printed with "Expeditionary Force" on it and got a New York paper to announce that she had gone to the front to nurse British wounded! What she actually succeeded in doing—and that only by much prayer and persistence—was to be taken on to wash up dirty mugs in the Y.M.C.A. hut!!!!

"The horrors of war were nothing to it"

Then there was a party of five women who arrived full of dollars and enthusiasm to open a soldiers' canteen at Étaples or Abbeville. The first check was from the authorities, who said they could only do it if they were attached to some recognised society. So they, too, went and washed up for the Y.M.C.A.

* * *

But in a very few days two of them felt they really couldn't stand the others any longer, and dashed off to Rouen. Another went after them to see what they were doing, and fell very ill on the way. And then the last two fell out, and now one of them's at Wimereux sneezing herself nearly inside out and the other's in hospital with influenza.

* * *

Over here such adventures are less exciting, of course. The address is not so warlike, for one thing, and neither is the climate, and frail and fair young things who could hardly put coal on the fire or do the flowers under the paternal roof find themselves able to do all the washing-up and other dirty jobs for refugees and people without turning a hair.

* * *

It's really astonishing the energy war infuses. Almost daily duchesses and other high-well-born ladies brave all the draughts and dangers of the Channel crossing and the *douane*—a drastic affair in time of war. And then turn up smiling, in wonderful frocks, and all their pearls, at the Ritz or the Carlton twice a week at least for dinner. Women, too, play a prominent part in what someone calls the chaotic audaciousness and naughtiness of one of the picture shows of the moment—the Futurist one at the Alpine Gallery. A man just back from the front whom I took there said the horrors of war were nothing to it,

* * *

Oh, by the way, Brighton's by no means bad just now. Khaki everywhere, of course, but an amazing number of just the usual sort everywhere, and plenty going on to amuse them, especially those who care for music. At nights, of course, it's just creepy. It's darker than darkness, and as you grope your way about you feel like a cross between a blind man, a burglar, and a spy. But it's weird how soon you get used to it, and would positively miss the gloom were it suddenly lightened.

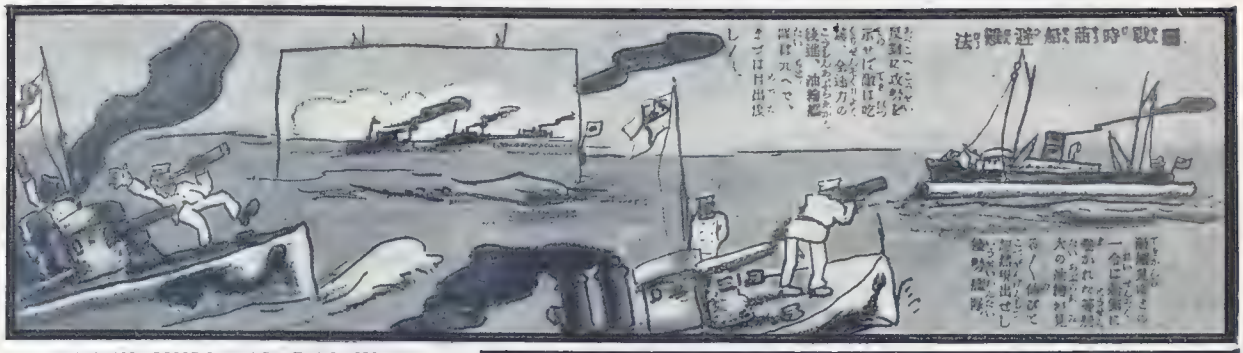
* * *

One compensation, by the way, of darkened streets by night is that people are bound to spend some at any rate of their evenings in their hotels, instead of leaving them, as before, to the frumps and the fossils. The Royal York, where I found rest and comfort, is quite bright and lively, especially at week-ends, and the food is as dainty as the manner of the serving of it.

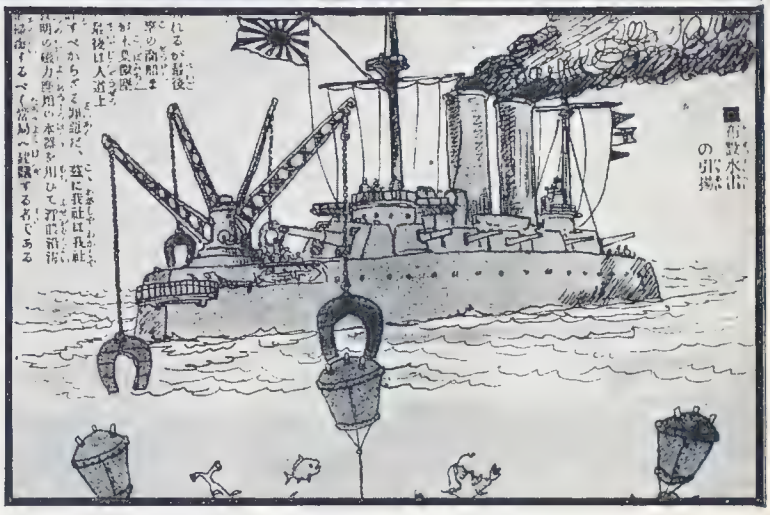
Yours ever, BLANCHE

Kindly Japanese Suggestions

AS TO HOW WE MIGHT OVERCOME OUR NAVAL DIFFICULTIES

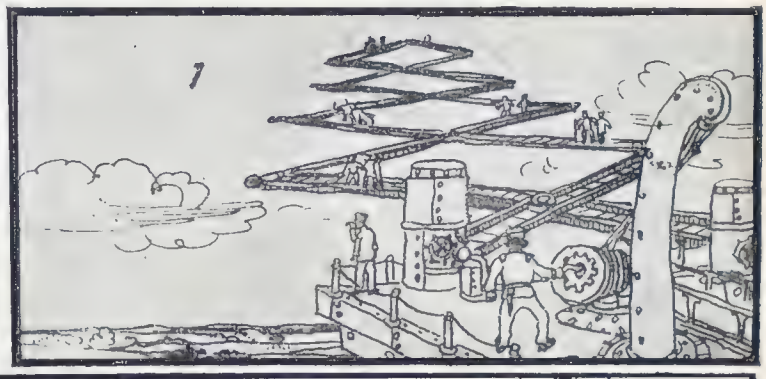


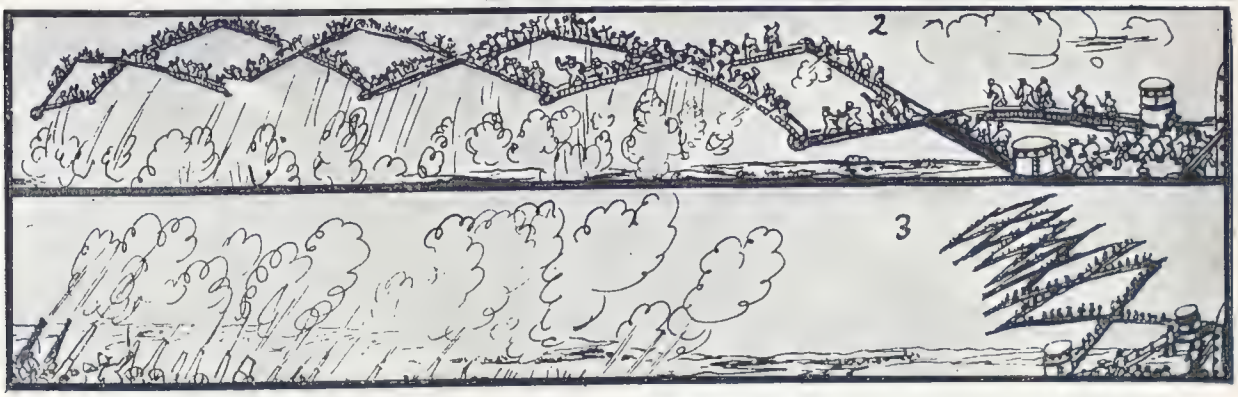
DUMMY SHIPS FOR DECEIVING GERMAN DESTROYERS & SUBMARINES



CRANES FITTED WITH MAGNETS FOR THE RAISING OF MINES

HURRICANE-MAKING MACHINES FOR THE DISCOMFITURE OF HOSTILE AIRCRAFT





MOVING PLATFORM FOR MAKING SURPRISE ATTACKS ON LAND FORCES FROM SHIPBOARD

(1) Preparing for action. (2) The attack: occupants of the platform firing and dropping bombs on the enemy. (3) The platform swings out of harm's way before the enemy's guns can be trained on it, and they fire into space

The above have reached us from a correspondent in Japanese Manchuria. Some of the ideas, particularly the first one, are by no means wildly improbable!

In Europe-

WHAT THE CONTINENT WILL LOOK LIKE WHEN THE P
FORMERLY GIVEN OVER TO THE A

—Some Day

ACEFUL ARMY OF SIGHTSEERS INVADES THE TERRITORY
MIES OF THE BELLIGERENT POWERS

For Ornament—Not for Use

GERMAN CIVILIAN (feeling peckish): "Might I ask, Sir, why we paid millions of pounds for That and yet we're starving?"
VON TIRPITZ: "My dear Sir, with that Navy, we can—that is, we are going to—er—but even if—besides, the ships make a wonderfully fine sight, don't you think?"

What Russia Thinks About Our Navy

BY THE BYSTANDER IN MOSCOW

IT must be confessed that during the first few months of the war the Russian public has felt a certain disappointment at the inability of the British Fleet to win a smashing victory over the Germans. It is not entirely the public's fault. The man in the street in all countries likes dramatic results, in Russia no less than elsewhere. To the Russians, too, the disappointment has been all the keener, because in the Russian imagination (here it must not be forgotten that at least eighty per cent. of the Russian people have never seen the sea) the English Fleet has always loomed as something miraculous, omnipotent, and invincible. During the first few days of the war half Russia expected daily to hear of the total annihilation of the German Fleet!

LATTERLY, however, there has been a change. If Russia received a rude shock on hearing of the loss of the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*, her appetite for sensation was greatly tickled by the dramatic appearance of Admiral Sturdee's squadron off the Falkland Islands. More important still, in reply to the insinuations of the Germans in Russia that England is not doing her fair share, the Press have been at some pains in educating public opinion as to the real significance of our "silent vigil" in the North Sea. Only a few days ago the *Russkoe Slovo*, the most popular paper in Russia, had a real panegyric on the British Navy, and now the loss of the *Blücher* and the defeat of the German cruiser squadron off the Dogger Bank have caused general rejoicing.

ADMIRAL BEATTY is a special favourite of Moscow and Petrograd. When he was here last July his youthful appearance, his vigour, and his essentially naval bearing made a great impression on the Russian mind. Can such a young man really be an Admiral? was the question on all lips. And then when it was said that he was the youngest British Admiral since Nelson, the connection appealed to the sentimental side of the Russian's nature (in spite of all our talk of Russian realism the Russians are in reality a very sentimental people), and ever since the outbreak of hostilities the fervent prayer of the Russian people for an English victory at sea has been accompanied by an equally fervent hope that it may fall to Admiral Beatty's lot to achieve it.

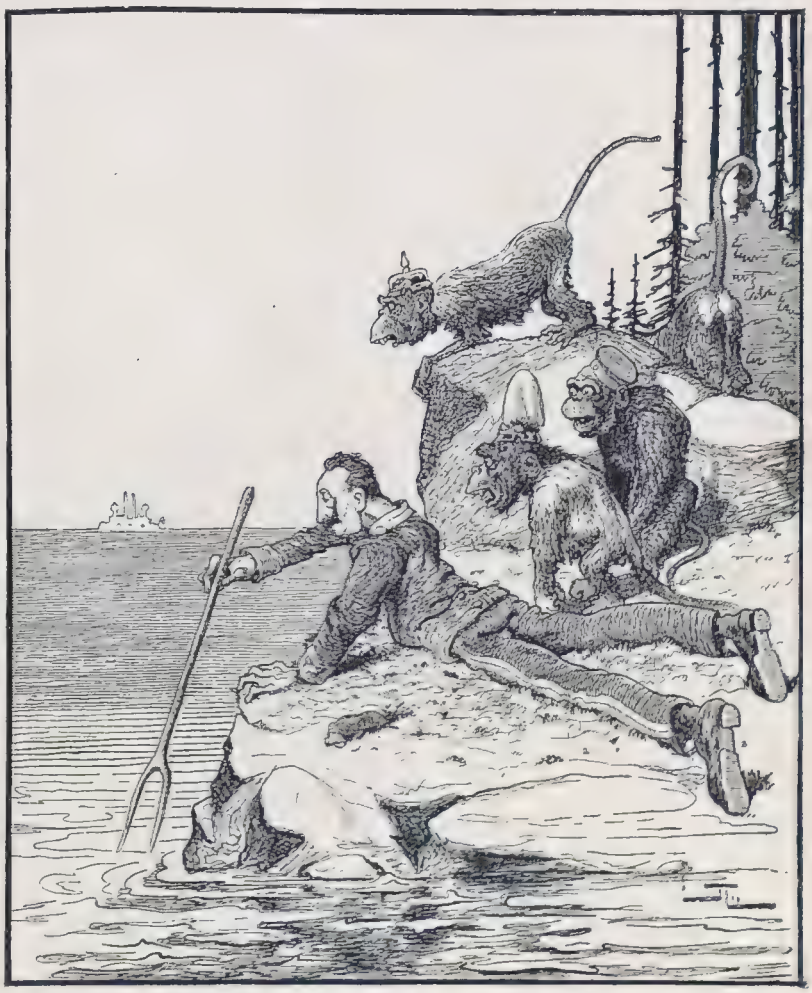
AND now the wish has been fulfilled. I don't know how many congratulatory telegrams the gallant Admiral has received from Moscow, but I do know that for two days after the engagement every public institution (including the Moscow waterworks, as having the closest connection with the sea) was busy framing suitable addresses in English. Let us hope that they all reached their destination.

IN conclusion, even the poets have been inspired to flights of eloquence, and I append a rough translation of some verses by Wega, a well-known Russian "coupletist," entitled "My Fleets." These appeared in the *Vremia*, a Moscow paper belonging to Messrs. Suvorin, the proprietors of the well-known *Novoe Vremia*.

"MY FLEETS"

I

O Du mein Gott! mein lieber Gott!
Where is now my German "Flot"?
In shame before its Fatherland
It takes its stand round Helgoland.



"WRITING WITH A FORK IN WATER"

Dreams of a German future at sea which have not materialised

(Reproduction of a cartoon in one of the Russian papers)

In calm and storm, aye at the wheel,
Its sturdy tars keep guard—o'er Kiel.
They visit now and then Cuxhaven,
P'raps have a look at Wilhelmshaven;
Then just to show their "dreadnought" paces
To—Kiel again they turn their faces.
Von Tirpitz, famous for his notion
To drive the English from the ocean,
Sees all his dreams fade into smoke.
The English hold the pig in poke,
While there in Kiel the German fleet,
Afraid its foe in fight to meet,
Skulks like a thief who works by night,
And fears to come out into light.

II

O Du mein Gott! mein lieber Gott!
Where is now my Austrian "Flot"?
His lungs are pierced. With weakened chest
The invalid retires to rest.
Decrepit wretch, against his will
Of Pola's air he sips his fill.
And when he dares show face at sea,
No matter if no foe there be,
Invariably he comes to grief,
And runs his nose on his own reef.
Then hastens back again to dock
To cure himself of Neptune's shock.
His admirals with troubled spleen
Belong to those who "might have been."
"Pictures" more like than men who live,
They breathe incompetence—forgive:
On their own mines to seek disaster*
In this we see the real "great master."

* *According to Russian reports, one or two Austrian ships have gone down on their own mines.*

III

Allah, or as we say *Allach!*
My Turkish Fleet is very "schwach."
Converted into sea-gull Turkey
Has found the Black Sea more than murky.
Alas! That raid on Russia's coasts
Raised empty hopes and barren boasts.
The Turk, embracing Deutsches Leben,
Fixed all his hopes on Deutsches *Goeben*.
And now this terror-striking ship,
'Fore senseless pride has had its slip,
And fearing what it still may get
Has now become a "lazaret,"**
The *Breslau* shows no heart for fight,
The *Hamidieh*, too, keeps out of sight,
While poor *Messudiyeh*, guarding mines,
Let B 11 through her lines;
With some torpedo in her side
Turned on her keel and peacefully died.

** *According to Russian reports the "Goeben" has been so badly damaged that she has been turned into a "lazaret," or hospital ship.*

Envoi

In deep despair the Kaiser sits.
He wrings his hands, his brow he knits.
"*Mein Gott,*" he cries, "*mein lieber Gott!*"
Where is now my vaunted "Flot"?
And with these words his God he greets:
"These ships are—Furniture, not Fleets."

The caricaturists, too, have not been idle. The illustration on the preceding page shows William "writing with a fork in water," *i.e.*, boasting of a German strength at sea which does not exist. J. A.

PRISONERS AS SNOW-SWEEPERS

Russian prisoners at Doeberitz, who are required by the Germans to act as snow-sweepers in the streets, on their way to work

"Venus, Ltd.," at the Palladium

SOME ATTRACTIVE "COMPANY PROMOTERS" IN THE NEW REVUE

Photographs *Campbell Gray*

The new Revue produced on Monday last at the London Palladium is entitled "Venus, Ltd." and above are some of the samples of beauty offered us not only for publication but, doubtless, as a guarantee of good faith. It is claimed by the management that the dresses in the piece will create a sensation in London, from which it is clear that Venus is not to be represented to us as pink as she is usually painted

Przemysl From Within

AN EDITORIAL INSPIRATION

THE Editor was seated at his table. His expression was one of pain, and well it might have been, judging from his hunched-up position, in which his chin was, apparently, gnawing itself into his chest. His hands were thrust deep down into his pockets, and his legs were thrust out rigid and straight. He was occupying, in short, the position commonly associated with a broken man.

A mass of papers of every description surrounded him, each one, from its crumpled state, seemingly having been more violently treated than the last. It was evident that things were not well in the office of this well-known paper. The Editor was a beaten man. No wonder the circulation of his paper was fading away. He had just discovered that his was the only journal throughout the kingdom which was not running a series of articles by some secret and mysterious neutral of high standing who had just returned from a special mission to Germany.

As to how long he had been in this position history does not relate, but it does relate how he suddenly banged the table with one hand and removed the telephone receiver with the other, while the whole of his massive frame seemed to vibrate afresh.

"Send Mr. Smith up," he said impatiently.

Mr. Smith arrived.

"Ever been in Berlin?" growled the Editor.

"No, Sir," said Smith.

"Brussels?"

"Only on my honeymoon, Sir," said Smith.

"Vienna?"

"No, Sir."

"Przemysl?" The Editor's face had an evil grin.

"I am afraid not, Sir," said Smith, vacantly.

"Well, I've just returned from the lot, do you understand?" banging the table with both hands.

A WAR COUNCIL

WILHELM: "If the people mix water with their grass we can hang out another six months"

Mr. Smith blinked.

"Yes, from the whole lot," he roared again. "How much time have we got before the paper is put to bed?"

"Just an hour, Sir," said Smith.

"Well, reserve me two columns of the special war type, and get out the following bill."

Mr. Smith whipped out his pencil and notebook.

"Przemsyl from Within. The Lurid Truth. By Our Secret Agent just returned."

"Splendid, Sir," said Mr. Smith, shaking with excitement. "May I ask ——?"

"Leave the room," snapped the Editor.

Mr. Smith quietly smeared himself out of sight.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later Mr. Smith was again requisitioned.

"Look here, I want you to finish this off," said the Editor very quietly. "I've just heard confidentially about a little matter which I think should go into the 'Stop Press,' and I want to make a few inquiries."

"Certainly, Sir," said Mr. Smith, and it was evident he was very nervous; "but are you referring to the article on 'Premsizzle From ——?'"

"That's exactly what I am referring to," said the Editor in a far kindlier tone than that which he had used for months. "It's the easiest job I've ever had."

"Brussels, perhaps, I might manage, Sir, but Prismzizzle. . . ."

"That'll do," said the Editor peremptorily. "It only wants about a couple of hundred more words. I've done the jingling of sleigh bells, the arrival of snow, the price of cigars, the banishment of all English names, the wounded and hotels, the scarcity of bread, the scenes of destruction, the growing despair of the garrison, which now shows signs of disbelieving the news distributed by means of Austrian aircraft, and I want you to fix up the rest."

"Yes, Sir, but ——,"said Smith.

"Here you are; here's a book which gives you a description of the market at Budapesth. That ought to help a bit, and a few lines about the closing of all places of amusement ought to see you through."

"But really, Sir ——."

"You've got exactly twenty minutes."

"Yes, Sir," said Smith as he turned to withdraw.

"Oh, Smith," called the Editor, just as the door was being closed.

"Yes, Sir," said Smith, looking back.

"Don't say anything about the train service. I rather fancy they're not running."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"No, I believe the place is besieged."

"Of course, Sir, and by the way, Sir," said Smith, reverently, "are you certain about the sleigh-bells?"

"I'm not sure that I am. Perhaps you'd better take them out. Just leave the snow. You can make it thaw if you like. And, of course, you'll tell us exactly how the natives themselves pronounce the name of the bally place. By-bye!" HENRY HUME

The Younger Generation

CHILD STUDIES OF ROYAL AND ARISTOCRATIC INTEREST

Photograph Prince Leopold, Duc de Brabant; Princess Marie José and Prince Charles *Rita Martin*

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

Photograph *Vandyk*

LADY MURIEL PAGET WITH HER DAUGHTERS

She is a daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea, and the wife of Sir Richard Paget, Bart.

An Indiscretion at the Kingsway Theatre

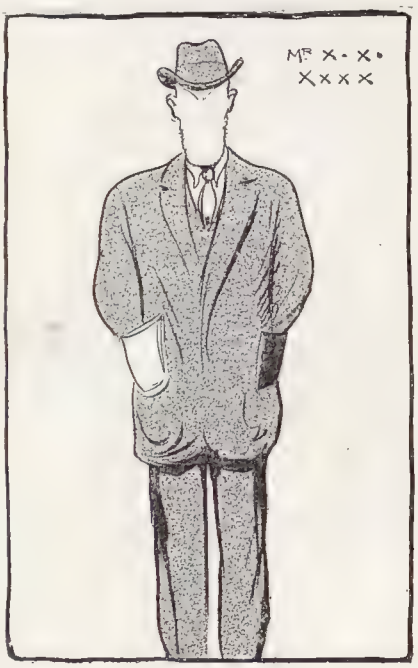
UNTIMELY REVIVAL OF "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"

BY "JINGLE"

IT is understood that Mr. Granville Barker is in the United States, and it may, therefore, have escaped his knowledge that the British Empire is fighting for its life by land and sea. Or perhaps he has come under the influence of some "hyphenated" American who has persuaded him to revive this play as a demonstration of the fanciful theory that "*L'Art n'a pas de Patrie.*" On the occasion of its first production in the piping times of peace, *Fanny's First Play* was rightly hailed as an amusing lampoon of excellent parts. But much water—not to say blood—has flowed under the bridges since then. Also, Mr. xxxxxxx xxxx the well-known author and advertiser, has, in quite uncalled-for manner, rather imprudently miscalculated the bounds of tolerance of the British Public in respect of his war pamphlet. In happier times we were properly amused at our author's courage (to speak euphemistically) in pointing out our national defects; but in the stern time of war, even playfully intentioned disparagements compel us to wonder why certain undesirable aliens are not suitably accommodated in a concentration camp.

Mr. xxxxxxx xxxx has never professed any sympathy with the British public. Those of us, however, who admired his undoubted genius, and who flattered ourselves that we understood him, welcomed the opportunity of laughing with him (and at him) when *Fanny's First Play* was a novelty of the season; but since then the shadow of War has come to revolutionise our outlook on life. A few months ago we were sympathetically amused by the reference to Lord Byron's dislike of England as a drab and prosaic land; but now that the best of our manhood is out facing danger and death for the freedom and honour of that same drab spot, such a criticism hurts. And it hurts all the more because the words are those of a man who, although a British subject, claims, on the strength of a technical quibble, to be an alien, and, therefore, presumably authorised to commit breaches of good taste.

To such an extent has this hideous war narrowed our horizon that one actually experiences a feeling of shame in recalling the amusement formerly derived from the various situations in this play. Margaret Knox, the once delightful young woman who was given to assaulting policemen by way of asserting the



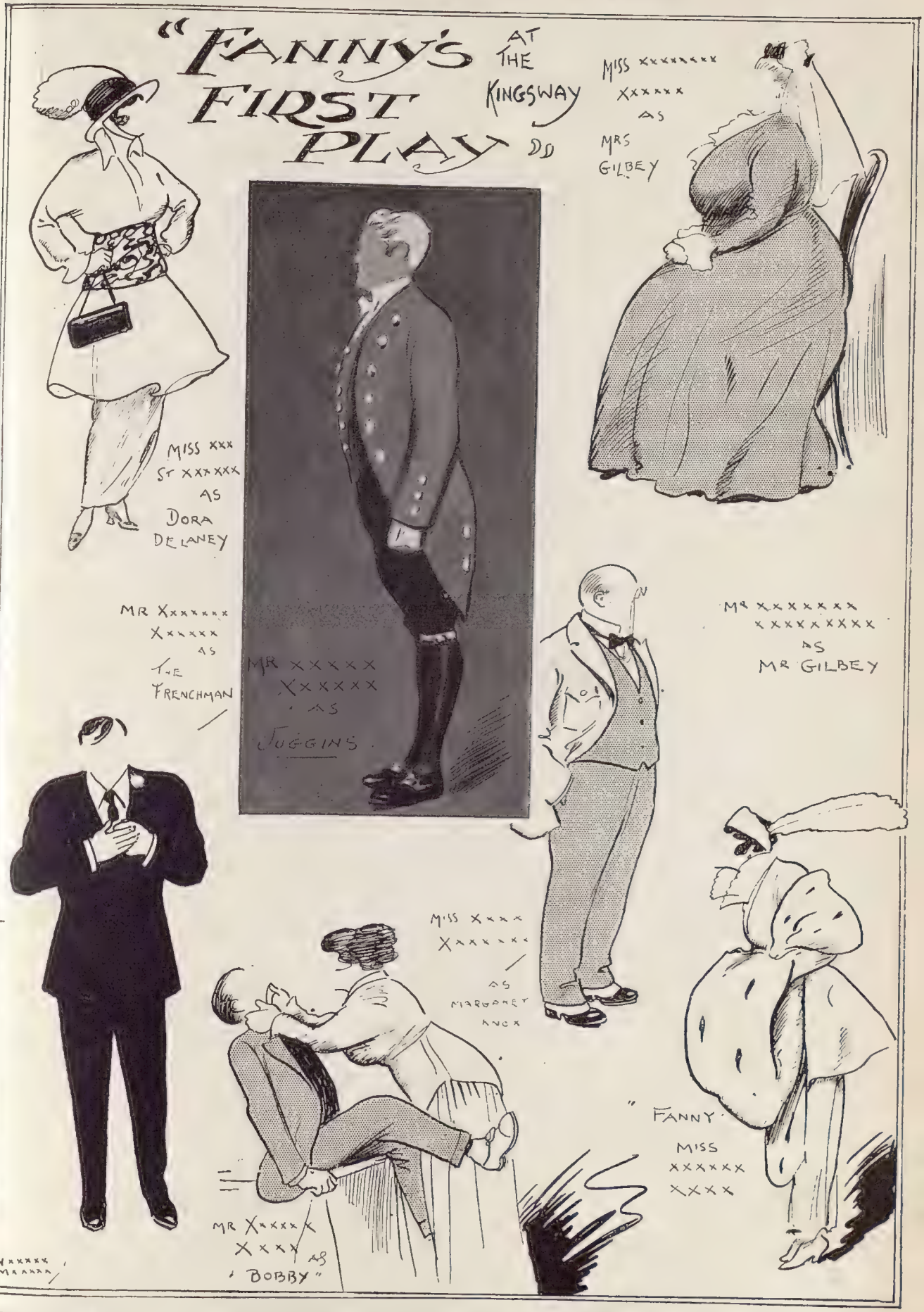
Portrait of an Anonymous author

rightful claims of womanhood, now seems to be a type as extinct as the justly celebrated ichthyosauria. The "wild women" at whose expense we were so ready to jest in times of peace—or such peace as they allowed us—were among the first to sink their private claims for their country's good, and the feat of identifying them now with a vapid monomaniac like Margaret Knox is difficult for the ordinary imagination. The war has made all that difference; and the extraordinary thing is that Mr. xxxxxxx xxxx (whose thinly-veiled anonymity, born of caprice, may well persist as a matter of prudence) should have failed to notice and profit by a change which, as the French say, jumps to the eyes.

Equally unamusing now is the formerly diverting gibe by Oxford partisans at the expense of Cambridge men. The war has deprived the old comparison of its point, and we can think only of the splendid answer made by both Universities alike to the call to arms. Even the delightfully irresponsible "Darling Dora," the "Daughter of Joy," seems out of place in these days of splendid national Pharisaism. At the present time, when there is men's work to be done, we resent being reminded of the hilarious frivolities of bygone "Boat Race nights." It may be (as Mr. xxxxxxx xxxx himself might affirm) that in our present chastened and Puritanical mood we desire to ignore such vanities of the past in the hope that they may not be remembered against us. Besides, we are so accustomed now to the gloom and austerity of London nights that such freakish outbreaks may well seem to have belonged to a remoter age than our own. Other times, other manners.

In war-time the Arts must step into line with all the prosaic and sordid conditions of international scuffling. Most public entertainers follow this rule as a matter of business prudence; but Mr. Granville Barker and his very anonymous friend are notoriously indifferent to merely commercial considerations. This in itself is heresy in the midst of a nation of shopkeepers, but it is readily forgiven as it puts money into other people's pockets, the transcendent ideal of—other people. There is, however, in these times a limit to even jovial heresies, and looked at through the distorting spectacles of war-time *Fanny's First Play*, which delighted us all a short year ago, not only seems to us now to be grotesquely untrue to life, but it comes very near to being an outrage upon our national sentiment as well. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse, même* xxxxxxx xxxx.

JINGLE

Saving Their Faces

The revival of this play has come at an inopportune moment, and since the author is sheltered behind a veil of anonymity we have thought it only chivalrous to extend the same protection to the distinguished actors and actresses concerned

A Tempest in a Teapot

SUGGESTED WAY OUT OF THE VOLUNTEER DIFFICULTY

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

HAVE Lord Desborough, the Central Association, and all the Volunteer Training Corps made a gigantic blunder in interpreting the War Office regulations?

In the humble opinion of the writer they have, and all the friction and trouble which now exists among the Volunteer Training Corps throughout the country is due to a mistaken reading of the rules.

My opinion is based on the following facts: Some time in the latter part of last year the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps, organised for Home Defence in the event of invasion, applied to the War Office through their President, Lord Desborough, for rules and regulations governing a body organised for the purpose mentioned. Therefore any rules issued by the War Office to this Association could apply only to the Association organised for the purpose above indicated, and only to the purposes of that organisation.

Yet when these regulations were officially sent to Lord Desborough in the form of a letter, somebody blundered, and took it for granted that the word "enlistment" applying to men under thirty-eight in the affiliated corps meant enlisting for some other purpose than for Home Defence in the event of invasion.

It was never intended, in my opinion, that the word "enlistment" should apply to the Regular, Territorial, or Kitchener's Army. We have no form of conscription, and the rules were asked for to govern a voluntary movement.

My interpretation of these rules is that, in the event of it being necessary specially to call upon the Volunteer Training Corps to defend their country, when they were mobilised and it was found by the Commanding Officers of each of these Volunteer Corps or the Central Association, if you like, that the men under thirty-eight who had signed the red slip failed to report for duty, the commanding officers would then have power over these men of a military age (who might possibly have used the Volunteer Training Corps movement as a hiding-place), and they could be made to carry out their obligation of accepting the War Office rules and be compelled to defend their country in the event of invasion. In fact, the Central Association could then hold them to their word of honour to "enlist if specially called upon to do so."

It seems to me that the War Office felt that the men over thirty-eight would respond to a man if they were called out, but there might be a lot of shirkers in these corps under thirty-eight, over which the commanding officer had no control, and that the signing this red slip gave him power to see that the man did not shirk his responsibility when it came to the defence of his country, within his country, on invasion by the enemy.

How could the meaning have been otherwise? These rules were not given to an organisation without a definite purpose; they were clearly issued to Volunteer Defence organisations in the event of invasion, and the term "enlistment" could only apply to enlistment in that organisation and for the purposes of that organisation.

I have good reason to believe that I am right, because a man in the position of the Secretary of State for War would obviously not ask any citizen of the country to sign anything which was contrary to Law, neither would he seek to apply a modified form of conscription for the Regular Army to Volunteer Forces which were already being trained for Home Defence. This being so, the sooner the powers that be in the Central Association realise it the better. Practically all the troubles in the Volunteer movement will then disappear. The man under thirty-eight will distinctly understand that there is going to be no nonsense; that he is being trained for Home Defence in the event of invasion; *and that he has got to respond if specially called upon to do so.* If this is made clear to them, every man under thirty-eight who cannot enlist or who has genuine reasons for not enlisting at the moment, will continue to drill, and we shall have a nation voluntarily under arms efficient and ready.

Let us have done with this "Tempest in a Teapot," and not send back to his office as an undesirable soldier a citizen who is helping to maintain the business and finance of the country so that we can conduct this war in a satisfactory and triumphant manner. Let us rather encourage him in every possible way to prepare to defend his country himself, if he be called upon, and to do it not as a madman, but as a trained man inspired.

PRO PATRIA

[We should very much like to think that this is a true explanation of the much-discussed War Office terms. It would eliminate every difficulty for all except the shirkers, and these—well, these too would be eliminated. But it is difficult to imagine that such men as Lord Desborough and the executive of the C.A.V.T.C., after four or five months of negotiation with the War Office, should not have received some such hint if this were the real explanation. And yet—well, perhaps even hints may be censored in these days if their suppression tends to bluff a few more eligibles into enlisting. Another possible way out occurs to us for those who still refuse to be wet-blanketed out of the forces. During the past few weeks many semi-official utterances on platform and in the Press interpret the enlistment clause as meaning—"enlist when specially called upon, or leave the Corps." Very well, sign the slip on that assumption, spend your time and money, and take your choice when the "specially called upon" crisis arises.—ED.]

The Very Latest

PILFERING WILLY PICKS UP A FEW MORE UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES, OF URGENT IMMEDIATE USE

A King, a Peer, and a Grocer

AS PORTRAYED IN THREE NEW NOVELS

Three Novels

Three new novels deal respectively with a King of England, a British peer, and an Australian grocer. His Majesty is a very nice young man, who, I understand, will be occupying the throne towards the end of this century. The peer is of the pleasantly unscrupulous, charmingly clever, and extremely successful type, the first—and last—of his line. The grocer is a very quaint creature, who meets with the most startling adventures. In order to avoid the least suspicion of snobbery, let us consider these three books in the opposite order to that in which I have mentioned them.

The Grocer—

Mr. Arthur Adams, one of the younger Australian school, has already made himself heard in the old country. His *Grocer Greatheart* (Lane: 6*s*.) proceeds upon somewhat the same fantastic lines as his two earlier novels. Its beginning is by no means original. A small party of holiday-makers leaves Sydney in a decent-sized steamship, and there is a wreck, and the few survivors find themselves on a raft, and the raft finally reaches an unknown island. And then there is a sort of Admirable Crichton interlude, during which the little grocer quietly assumes the leadership—in spite of the presence of an obese plutocrat well accustomed to take the chair. And then there is a buried-treasure hunt. And a strangely dressed, but wonderfully beautiful, lady with a tiger. And finally "pirates." You begin to get nervous. Surely Mr. Adams has not been content to have a *réchauffé* of half a dozen old stories? But, no: in this tropical romance of his, nothing happens in the old way. The lady and the tiger are explained, the treasure proves to be worthless, and the "pirates" cannot at first understand that the grocer's little party is not a cinematograph company at work like themselves. The whole thing, indeed, goes with a swing, and Mr. Adams loses few opportunities of being both witty and wise: a most entertaining production.

CAPTAIN (AND ADJUTANT) DESMOND COKE

Of the 10th Loyal North Lancashires. He is one of the many well-known novelists who have joined the New Army. Captain Coke is a son of the late Major-General Talbot Coke, and his best-known works are those dealing with public-school life

—The Peer—

We come to Lord Shelford. He dominates Lady Charnwood's first novel, *The Full Price* (Smith, Elder: 6*s*.), although he is by no means its hero. The story is engaging. A young girl is fascinated by this handsome peer, who at the age of sixty-four is Secretary of State for India. Shelford resolves to marry this girl as his second wife, but is determined to be sure of her love. He goes about his task in a way that is at once unscrupulous and pathetic, and it says much for Lady Charnwood's powers that this strange man is so understandable. As the book proceeds you begin to fear that Margaret really is going to be the second Lady Shelford instead of the Mrs. Roger Bamfield she ought to be. The tension grows. Nothing first-rate, writes the author, can be obtained without paying the full price. Margaret has to choose. Her heart chooses Roger. Her dear Shelford, she knows, is about to propose: she leaves a note for him on his study-table. But Shelford never gets it. There is a dramatic outcome to a certain little experiment in vanity, and Margaret and Roger come together. It is not, perhaps, the story itself so much as the characterisation which lends distinction to this book. Shelford himself, as I have said, is admirably pictured, and in his daughter Elizabeth there is a study in loyalty which will long remain in the mind. Lady Charnwood has none of the modern tricks: she tells her story simply and charmingly, and the only criticism that suggests itself is that her dialogue tends to become here and there—statuesque. Her characters are sometimes most dreadfully grammatical.

—And the King

We come to his Majesty Alfred. *His Royal Happiness* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.) is the work of Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan), and is, therefore, assured of its female readers. Most of these will be charmed with the British prince's adventures in the United States, and will view with the greatest delight and satisfaction his passion for an ex-President's daughter. And when H.R.H. unexpectedly becomes King of England about an hour after he has secretly married the lady, everybody will know that it only requires the ex-President to go once again to the White House for this Anglo-American affair to meet with world-wide approval. Which, of course, the ex-President does. It is all good fun, and passes the hours very pleasantly indeed.

R. S.

Born 1820
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SPECIAL CONSTABLE (guarding Waterworks): "You bet! I haven't seen so much water for years. I envy the lucky beggar guarding your distillery."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Persuasion by Poster

AN UNDIGNIFIED METHOD OF RECRUITING. BY "EFEMERA"

I AM afraid there is no gainsaying the fact that as a nation we are undignified. Without possessing any keen sense of ridicule, an Englishman hates nothing more than to feel himself ridiculous—a paradox, but there you are. The average Briton cannot bear to know himself dissimilar to his fellows in dress, manners, or speech. At the same time, he will act in a way calculated to call forth jeers from the men of any other nation. Where a Frenchman, German, Italian, or Spaniard would recoil from the prospect of outraged personal dignity, the Englishman blandly pursues his course entirely unaware of any hint of the ridiculous in his behaviour.

In other countries ridicule blights the public man, he withers under it and dies; with us, as a factor in public life, it simply does not exist. That is probably the reason why our national sense of humour is so incomprehensible to foreigners. Self-consciousness is generally allied to an excess of dignity, not to say stiffness. That we as a nation are both self-conscious and shy no one, I think, will be prepared to deny.

We are ashamed of our emotions, or, at least, of betraying them, particularly in public. We would rather die than "slop over." We let our men in khaki march through the streets in the midst of a depressing silence—never a cheer to send them on their way. We may be burning with patriotic enthusiasm, but we stand and gaze tongue-tied and motionless.

MISS CONSTANCE DREXEL

The Philadelphia heiress who has just returned to America from France, where she has been acting as a nurse since the outbreak of the war. Her experiences of the sufferings and privations of women in the war zone have impelled her to devote her energies in future to working for the direct participation of women in government, and she has joined the Congressional Union with that end in view

And yet where one might expect to find dignity there is none. We break loose unaccountably and hysterically. When militant Suffragism was the order of the day, women of gentle breeding, ordinarily quiet and self-restrained, cast dignity to the winds caring not at all whether they appeared ridiculous or not. It did not, I believe, occur to them that their conduct courted ridicule—such is the effect of serious purpose upon the Britannic mind. Conviction renders it impervious to jeers. If it takes itself seriously, how shall anyone else do otherwise?

But women are not the only offenders. Who, I wonder, is the male genius—for certainly no woman can be implicated—responsible for beplastering London and the provinces with posters characteristic of nothing so much as a coming circus? Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was heralded in much the same fashion as the growth of Kitchener's Armies. One wonders what the newly arrived foreigner must think when confronted suddenly by a poster bearing the presentment of a uniform cap accompanied by the appropriate legend: "If this fits, you, etc. . . ." Or a brawny blacksmith's arm, with the intimation that your own, supposedly of similar muscular development, is required in the country's service. Or, again, the portrait of Lord Roberts with the reminder that you might reasonably be expected to do your duty, even as he did his. By-the-bye, nothing, I imagine, would have offended Lord Roberts more than this same posthumous advertisement.

Do we really need to have the military exigencies of the situation forcibly set forth upon the windscreens of taxi-cabs at imminent risk to the life and limbs of the hypnotised observer? Is our national courage of such a retiring quality that it requires stimulation by means of staring placards silently shouting from every dead wall? What has Nelson done that the base of his column should be requisitioned as a hoarding? Are our national forces such a nostrum that they must be advertised after the manner of a toothwash, a new brand of cigarettes, or a household soap?

To the disinterested observer it seems an extraordinary method of recruiting, and as lacking in dignity as could well be found. One wonders if the result is at all commensurate with the means employed, or if a simple announcement at the beginning of the war that every able-bodied young man was expected to enlist would not have had the same effect. How many men have joined the army because of the posters—and how many in spite of them?

I daresay that just because we are such a shy and self-conscious nation the moment we break through the crust we become much more undignified than any other nation could or would. It is characteristic of bashful persons to become on occasions terribly blatant from the very effort they make to overcome shyness. It is the habitually shy man, who, from the depths of embarrassed silence, suddenly shouts in a drawing-room to the amazement of all beholders. We are shouting now with a vengeance—at least on the hoardings. But, after all, it is our own affair if we choose to recruit our armies as a circus recruits spectators. Our dignity is our own to keep or throw away. We ask for no man's approval, and if he laughs at us—why, so much the worse for him. Are we not a law unto ourselves?

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Hymen at a Hand-Gallop

THE MODERN MILITARY MARRIAGE—TIME AVAILABLE, SEVEN MINUTES

Racing in War-time

WHY IT GOES ON. BY "CARBINE"

The Coming Season

WHAT sort of time will it be for racing in 1915? That question has often been put to me during the winter. I have replied that in the absence of any calamity for the Allied forces racing will assuredly go on—quietly, of course, but with just sufficient success for the race-course companies to escape serious financial loss. No company will expect to make the profits of normal times, but so long as both ends can be made to meet, or, at the worst, ruinous deficits avoided, racing executives are agreed that it will be the right policy to maintain their fixtures as much as usual as is possible.

Photograph *Sport and General*
HIS MAJESTY'S FRIAR MARCUS (H. JONES UP)
The colt is favourite for the Derby

Fate of Winter Meetings

I base my expectation of the partial success of the coming racing season largely upon what I have seen at the jumping meetings during the past few months. There have been thin attendances in the members' enclosures, but in the various rings we have seen satisfactory gatherings for the most part. I know that Clerks of the Course are pleased with the success which has attended their winter fixtures under war conditions. Some of the Newmarket stables are not so full as they usually are, but I do not suppose that the actual number of horses in training will be much less than was the case before the outbreak of the war.

Support of Owners

Is it not a little amazing to find how staunchly racing owners are sticking to the Turf at a time when they have every excuse for withdrawing their interests? There is scarcely a prominent owner who has no near relatives fighting at the front. Many prominent racing families are mourning the loss of gallant members whose names appear on the Roll of Honour. Yet in no conspicuous cases that I can recall have owners thus affected given up racing. Again, think of the financial stringency which inevitably exists during war-time. Many owners must be hard hit, and must surely find the necessity of cutting down expenses. But mostly they are keeping their horses in training. Naturally we hear grumbles at the heavy outgoings involved by a string of racehorses, but we always have had such grumbles, and I cannot detect any remarkable falling-off in the new entries which can be attributed to this cause.

In the Fighting Line

Briefly, the best people of the Turf are united in their desire to continue racing, and though many of them are fighting in France, they still keep their stables going, and hope before long regularly to see their colours carried on the Turf in the usual way. Many of the Jockey Club members are past military age, but in most cases the veterans have their sons in the fighting line. The younger members are nearly all engaged with the colours. The Hon. W. R. Wyndham has been killed in action, and the Turf outside its ruling body has suffered other grievous losses during the war. We have seen many owners in khaki during the winter season, and no doubt we shall see many others when flat-racing is started. All stables have contributed their quota of recruits.

His Majesty's Attitude

No doubt the comparative prosperity of racing in England during war-time is due to the firm attitude taken by the King last September. When the fate of racing hung in the balance His Majesty gave other owners the lead by freely entering and running his horses. That policy surely settled for ever the question of the King's interest in the Turf. One is glad to know that the measure of success which His Majesty has met with in racing, though small and disappointing at first, has gone on increasing each year. The coming season bids fair to be the best he has had on the Turf. The King owns the favourite for the Derby in Friar Marcus, and I am able from personal observation to vouch for the fact that the colt has made most satisfactory progress since last season. How loyal lieges will cheer if Friar Marcus wins the Derby in a year which promises to be, perhaps, the most eventful in the history of the British Empire!

Jockey Club's Reasons

No doubt there are folk who conscientiously object to racing in war-time, and, indeed, find it incongruous that it should be going on while such mighty issues are at stake. It may be well, therefore, to recall the carefully considered reasons of the Jockey Club for deciding to continue racing. They do not encourage racing for the sake of those who attend the meetings for amusement, but because they are convinced that its cessation would have the immediate effect of throwing out of work a very large number of people entirely dependent upon it for their livelihood. In addition, they are acting under consideration for the horse-breeding industry of the country and the amount of employment given through it. In short, the Stewards of the Jockey Club regard racing as a great national industry, and they believe that it should be, like other national industries, protected and kept going in times of great stress.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 586.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, February 24, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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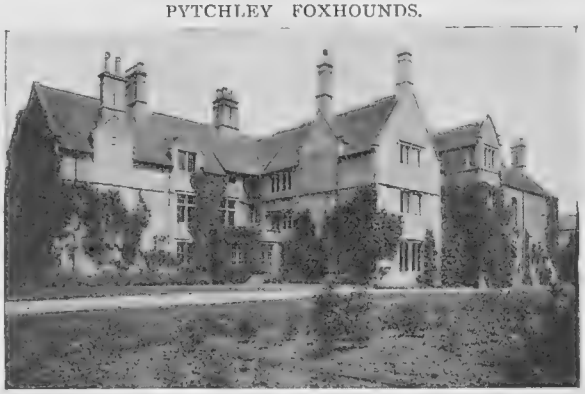

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94, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

For the Comfort of our Soldiers

Chamois Leather Waistcoat Lined Wool

Combines the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather is so smooth that it can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement. The lining being of wool, absorbs all perspiration.

Price 17/6

Chamois Leather Jackets (Unlined) **27/6**

Do. (Lined Wool) **30/-**

The Khaki Riding Shirt for Mounted Officers

Price 14/6

Specially designed (*as illustrated*) for long days in the saddle. By means of a tail piece attached to the back of the shirt which is passed between the legs and fastened in front, it is impossible for the skirts of the shirt to get out of place, or for the shirt itself to ruck up. Absolute comfort and additional warmth is thus assured.

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 8/6

TURNBULL AND ASSER,

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Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

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Guarantees.

There is no guarantee on Dunlop motor tyres—that is, speaking literally.

Nor do you receive guarantees from your banker, your solicitor, or your doctor.

You do not ask for them, because you have an implied guarantee resting on their reputation.

It is the same with

DUNLOP

motor tyres. There is no written mileage guarantee, and that motorists have not felt the need of one is proved by the fact that the demand for Dunlop tyres has always exceeded the supply, and never more so than at the present time.

TRADE MARK

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

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ENGLISH MADE PARQUET FLOORS (HOWARD'S PATENT).

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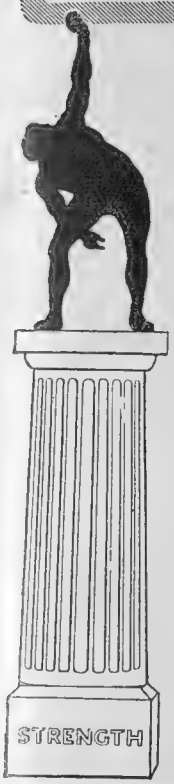
Manufacturers,

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



The Food-Drink
that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water

NO COOKING REQUIRED.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Convenient to carry and always ready for use. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining: relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

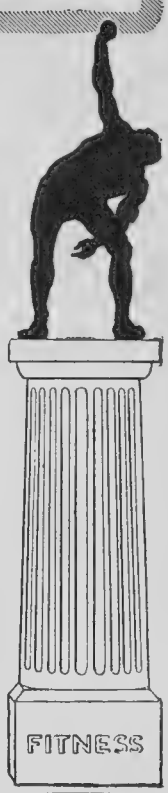
Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.

Write for a copy of our booklet—DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



Eckford's
GIANT SWEET PEAS

THE ECONOMY OF ECKFORD'S SEEDS.

THE circumstances of this present year emphasize a point which has been well-established in the many years during which Eckford's Seeds have been bought and sown—namely, their **ECONOMY.** We have every confidence in claiming that **Eckford's Seeds represent the truest economy in gardening,** and that should form a powerful addition to the many sound reasons why Eckford's Seeds should be preferred by gardeners who wish to secure the maximum result with a minimum expenditure.

What is the object of the gardener in sowing seeds? Certainly not to fill his flower-borders and vegetable plots with stunted plants, weedy growths and weaklings; he does not aim at "bare patches." No, his great hope is for an abundance of glorious bloom produced on strong, healthy, plants, and a "record" crop of best vegetables, and to secure these there is no questioning that "quality" of seed counts first.

Special Sweet Pea Collections for 1915.

VILLA "A" COLLECTION.
50 Splendid Varieties, 25 seeds each, exquisite for garden effect and cutting. All free flowering and strong. A fine range of colour. Price 10/-. Post Free for Cash.

VILLA "B" COLLECTION.
24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price 5/6, Post Free for Cash.

EXHIBITOR'S "D" COLLECTION.
12 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 12 seeds of each. Price 2/9, Post Free for Cash.

FREE.
Send Post-card to-day for Large ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. It gives all particulars of the NEW SWEET PEAS for 1915, and contains a full List of ALL FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS necessary for your garden.

We also send a specially-written Booklet on the Culture of Sweet Peas FREE with each Collection.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., The Sweet Pea House (Dept. 79), WEM, SHROPSHIRE.

Spring Cleaning made easier.

In addition to ensuring the most perfect results you will save yourself much time and trouble by letting us collect your Curtains, Carpets, Table Covers, etc. These things will be out of the way while you are busy with other matters and returned fresh and dainty when their proper places are ready for them. All cleaning orders (except Chintz) completed in *Four Days.* Dyeing takes rather longer; but orders wanted urgently will be returned with all possible speed. No carriage to pay on orders received by Branches and Agents. Illustrated Price List on request.

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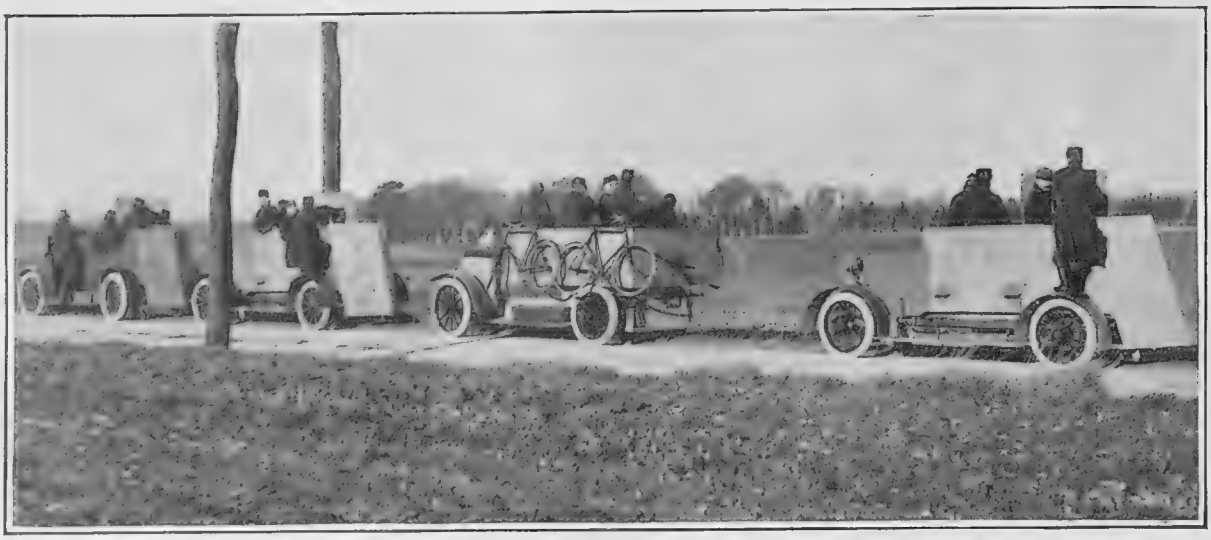


AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS

Armoured cars beating a wood for the enemy in the North of France. A new form of shivering timber and whatever the timber may screen, and a common incident in the day's work at the front

Motoring and the Red Cross

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Call for Ambulances

AMBULANCES, and still more ambulances; singly, in tens, even in hundreds. Almost it would seem an unending stream passing out to the war area to consume themselves in the noblest work incidental to war—the work of succour. And still the call is for ambulances and more ambulances. Very soon they are worn out and must be scrapped. The life of the hardiest of them is amazingly short. What would outlast years in the amblings of peace-time over roads of good surface, are battered to scrap in weeks under the desperate conditions of war. And so we must continue the flow of ambulances, meaning motor ambulances, lest, presently, the death of brave men whose lives might have been saved if we had done our part, lie at our door, or, heavily, upon our consciences.

***

The Scottish Response

So far, voluntary effort has done most wonderfully well in this connection. I imagine it has done far better than was ever expected. The response to the Red Cross Society's first public appeal was remarkable. Equally remarkable has been the response to the appeal of James Inglis Ker, J.P., the organiser of a Scottish fund for the Scottish branch of the Red Cross Society. So far it has resulted in 125 new motor ambulances, representing an expenditure of from £450 to £550 per car. Drivers, a maintenance staff, and a base in France have also been provided and paid for. Of the 125 vehicles 55 were last week inspected by the King and gifted, as they say in Scotland, to the War Office, together with five staff cars and ten motor-cycles. A fine result indeed, and a most grateful gift.

***

The A.A. Tribute

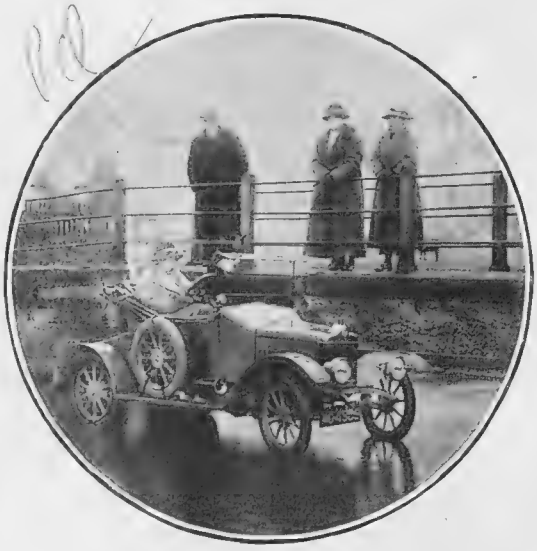
Apart from these and many another effort, notably that by Colonel Arthur du Cros, there is the Automobile Association's conception of the responsibilities of the *Entente Cordiale* to consider. The *Entente* was always a charming idea to sing about. To-day is the testing-time. To-day it is not the song that matters, but how much the song represents in hard cash. The Automobile Association put it to its members. The British Army was well-supplied with motor ambulances. The French Army was sadly lacking in these vehicles of succour. The French Army was defending England as surely as the British. Its efficiency was indispensable to British success.

Here was an opportunity for A.A. members to give a desperately needed concrete expression to the virility of the *Entente* idea. How much was it worth to them?

***

Cementing the Entente

The splendid reply so far is £56,000—£50,000 of it in cars and £6,000 of it in cash to cover the cost of converting those cars into motor ambulances. All the work of conversion and equipment has been done under A.A. supervision. Of the 230 cars presented, 38 went to the French Army within a few weeks, and a further 55 are by now either there or thereabouts, these again having been inspected by the King, to whom Mr. Joynson Hicks, Mr. Walter Gibbons, and Captain Stenson Cooke, respectively chairman, treasurer, and secretary of the A.A., had the honour of being presented. To the King's congratulations I add my still small voice. It is a result worthy of the traditions of the greatest association of private motorists in the world.



THE BYPATHS OF PEACE

A little 9.5 Standard at the ford by Kenilworth Castle. In the War area this famous light-car is doing fine service as a despatch carrier

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. British throughout. Write for new catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

A Message on Safety

The Goodrich Safety Tread transmits safety by forming a safety track. No matter what surfaces you are travelling, limestone or flint, macadam or granite or wood, town or country, those five tough rubber fingers are always at "grips" with the bed of the road. Stopping or starting, they GRIP, swerving or braking, they GRIP, as no other tyres CAN grip. Without loss of speed or resiliency, without increase of weight or cost, they provide you with an ACTIVE SAFETY PRINCIPLE, and make you the master of your own car under all motoring conditions.

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

Write for Catalogue.

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., Ltd., 117, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

SPRING in SUNSHINE

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

IDEAL CLIMATE

Luxurious Casino. International Sporting Club. High-class Concerts under the leadership of Messrs. Jehin and Ganne. Various entertainments and attractions. Opera season in March with Signor

CARUSO.

Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment with Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute, Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes with Club House and Restaurant on the course, one of the most sporting in Europe.

Tennis Courts at Monte Carlo.

Motor Excursions to Alpine sites and numerous picturesque resorts along the French and Italian Riviera.

No more Eczema or Face Spots

Do you suffer from facial eczema, pimples, or blackheads? Are you troubled by an ugly rash, a bad leg, or bad hands? If so, suffer no longer. Antexema will remove every spot, rash, or sign of eczema and completely cure bad legs, and rough, red hands. The first touch of Antexema, which is a beautifully prepared liquid cream, cools and eases the inflamed skin surface. All irritation immediately stops. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and soon you are absolutely and finally delivered from your worrying, disfiguring enemy. Begin your cure to-day.

Antexema ends every Skin Illness

after every other treatment has utterly failed. Start your cure immediately, before your trouble becomes worse. Every day's delay means unnecessary discomfort, disfigurement and humiliation. End your trouble once for all by using the famous British skin remedy.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/9 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

No more Ugly Ears

Get the Claxton Ear-Cap and let your child wear it in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will quickly be corrected. It prevents tangling of the hair during sleep and promotes breathing through the nose. Easy and comfortable in wear, and exceedingly effective.

It is the original appliance, and is constructed on hygienic principles. The

CLAXTON EAR-CAP

gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Made in 21 sizes. Send measurements round head just above ears, and also over head from lobe to lobe of ears. Price 4/-, from Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, John Barker, Ltd., John Barnes & Co., Ltd., D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., E.&R.Garrould, Jones Bros.(Holloway) Ltd., Spiers & Pond's, Woolland Bros., or direct from B. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

FRAZERS

Is your blood pure and skin healthy? Are you constipated, headachy and out-of-sorts? If so, get Frazer's Tablets. Cure rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, and regulate the system. Pleasant to take. Children like them. Of all chemists, 1/1½, or post free, 1/3, from Frazer's Tablets, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

TABLETS

Spring Modes and Other Matters

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Broken Black-and-White Checks

SINCE writing last week, I have seen quite an appreciable number of freshly arrived models suitable to early spring wear. And these have served to ratify more than ever the preconceived notion I had formed that we should find the fresh fashions charmingly, yet quite reasonably, expressed. That skirts are full is true, but the majority are so manipulated that they fall in straight close folds. One readily perceives the width at the hem that obtains, but no means, the fates be praised, are employed to introduce any suggestion of the *balayeuse*.

The fancy for black-and-white checks alluded to last week is well in evidence, and these, in all probability, will enjoy a much longer existence than has hitherto been the case by reason of the various styles in which they are fashioned. An example that impressed me enormously boasted one of these wide, yet clinging, skirts, the hem cut in shallow round scallops and bound black military braid. The coat was a short *sacque*, the base barely covering the bend of the hips, and scalloped and bound like the skirt, while the neck finished with a high close-fitting collar that flared over at the top, over which fell another collar of white muslin.

In the case of a sand-coloured gabricord there was revealed another adorable skirt, of a *genre* that is assured of a *succès fou*. This was arranged with a slightly gathered front mounted on to a yoke, and ornamented with really practical pockets, prettily curved at the top, allied to a broad back composed of five box-pleats. These pleats were also a feature of the coat, as far as the waist, above which came a perfectly plain body part, while the fronts fell straight from throat to hem, and were just lightly held to the figure by a half-band.

AN ELEGANT EXPRESSION OF A MOURNING DRESS

Illustrating the application of Courtauld's crêpe

SPECIALLY SKETCHED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Exclusive Crêpe de Chine Lingerie

There is no lingering doubt at all among those who study the question of clothes in all its bearings, that *crêpe de Chine* as a component material for underwear has come to stay and make history. Very early in the day that discerning personage, Madame Barri, of 72, Baker Street, perceived the trend, with the natural result that she stands to-day with a choice of models one would need to travel very far and wide to better. Quite simple styles suffice for this delightful material, and a superfluity of decoration is quite out of place. Although I am tempted to run on with pæans of praise over this dainty underwear, so much to the taste of the fastidious woman of the day, no description, however enthusiastic, can do adequate justice to these distinctive models, which are always on view at 72, Baker Street.

Correct Footgear for Children

Of experts who have made a deep and scientific study of foot anatomy from babyhood upwards, H. Kelsey, a long-established house, whose head postal department is situated at 94, High St., Putney, S.W., is second to none. The "Kelzeezi" shoes for children are deservedly well-famed, one and all being built on the firm's own specifications, and designed in accordance with their own personal instructions. The system pursued also of half sizes, from the first baby shoes to those for a growing girl, provides a further advantage. But the aim throughout of H. Kelsey is to preserve the natural beauty of the feet, and by so doing prevent the many ills that badly shod feet invariably suffer in the end.

The selection, always in stock, includes tinies' soft-soled shoes, comfortable bar shoes for children, nature-form boots and shoes for boys and girls, and a particularly well-thought-out class of "Kelzeezi" boots and shoes for maidens, to which a corresponding class is found for boys, of hard-wearing boots. In fact, H. Kelsey has thrashed the whole subject out in the most complete manner, and the utmost reliance may be placed upon everything produced in the way of children's boots and shoes, brought out under these auspices.

Higher Electrolysis

As an advance on the ordinary electrolysis which we all know Higher Electrolysis is capable of dealing with greater and more deep-rooted ills than a hirsute growth. In fact it actually removes for all time such unsightly blemishes as birth-marks, moles, broken veins, nævi, etc. As will be readily understood, such treatment requires a far deeper and more scientific knowledge than ordinary electrolysis, and the expert at Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., at 29, Old Bond Street, stands at the very pinnacle of the particular branch of the profession she has elected to adopt. A successful result, I may add, is invariable, the

The Most Tender and Sensitive Skin

becomes immune from the injurious effects of variable weather conditions and sudden changes of temperature, by the regular use of

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

Beetham's La-rola is a complexion emollient which, when applied to the face and hands, has a special softening influence on the skin tissues. It effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, etc., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water.

From all Chemists and Stores, in Bottles, 1/- and 2/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON
CHELTENHAM.

Ask your Grocer for
Jackson's Floor Polish
ABSOLUTELY BRITISH
Brightest Shine in Quickest Time

FREE SAMPLE FROM WORKS, MALT STREET, OLD KENT ROAD.

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

By Appointment.

"JUST TWO WORDS!"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

for yourself and Baby.

Don't—as you value your child's life—experiment with "foods" of unknown composition; the lives of millions of children have been lost in that way. Milk is Nature's food for infants; it cannot be improved on. Therefore

Try NESTLÉ'S MILK first

To enable you to judge what the result is likely to be, send for "**NESTLÉ'S BABY BOOK,**" giving the experience of hundreds of grateful parents in their own words, post free from

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

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treatment likewise including the very valuable essential of never leaving a mark.

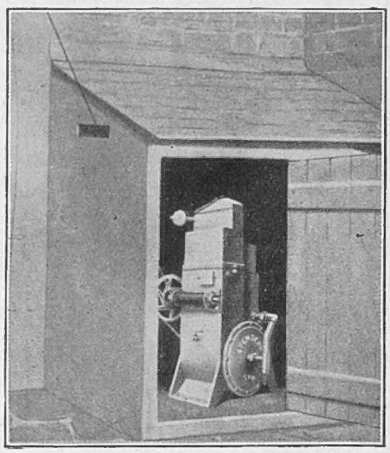
I have always, personally, had the greatest regard for, and belief in, the care and preservation of the skin. It is a duty we women owe to ourselves and the world at large. Which reminds me to mention Dathos Cream, a recently added application, specifically devised for the filling up of lines and hollows, those tell-tale signs of a passing youth. While there remains, as always, as the basis of this unrivalled face treatment here Mrs. Pomeroy's Skin Food.

House Lighting

Petrol gas, when produced by a perfect plant, is claimed to be the ideal lighting system for houses, even when in competition with electricity, and Messrs. Spenser seem to have solved the problem, judging by the way the promises they make for their plant are borne out in practice. The machine is simplicity itself to look after, and the motive power can be water or weight-driven as desired. A plant in operation and all forms of the fittings can be inspected at the offices, 53b, South Molton Street, whence also a booklet, giving a full description of the system, can be obtained. The accompanying illustration shows the machine complete for a twenty-light installation in an outhouse 6ft. broad by 4ft. deep and 6ft. high only.

A Dutch Cocoa of Double Strength

The manufacturers of Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa, now established in London at 31, Eastcheap, E.C., claim for their product that it saves you half the cost of your cocoa because it is double strength, and to test the validity of this claim you have only to ask your grocer for a sample or write to the firm itself at the above address. With each tin of their cocoa they give away an interesting little booklet of photographs of towns in Europe, as well as a coupon, twelve of which entitle the purchaser to a ¼ lb. tin of cocoa or a box of chocolate free.



MACHINE FOR A TWENTY-LIGHT PETROL GAS INSTALLATION

As supplied by Messrs. Spensers, Ltd., of 53b, South Molton Street

To Travellers on the Continent

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that the service now leaving Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) daily at 8.30 a.m. for Paris *via* Folkestone and Boulogne is accelerated, and arrives in Paris at 6.35 p.m., instead of 8.25 p.m., an acceleration of 1 hour and 50 minutes. The service formerly leaving Paris (Nord) at 7.5 a.m. for Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) *via* Boulogne and Folkestone now leaves at 8.30 a.m., and arrives at Victoria at 7.0 p.m., an acceleration of 1 hour and 25 minutes.

How to Make Money Go Further

Whether one's income has been interfered with or not through the war the cost of living has risen for everybody, and it is necessary for a great many people to find some means of making money go further than it used to. To all such the Sun Life of Canada proposals should be of interest, for in addition to the larger income secured, purchasing an annuity from the Sun Life of Canada means the absolute certainty of the income for life. For particulars write direct to the manager, Mr. J. F. Junkin, at 72, Canada House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C., stating your requirements.

Abingdon "Cord" Carpets

Economy will have to be practised this year in thousands of homes, and many luxuries will be dispensed with. Necessaries must, of course, be procured, and to all seeking carpets at a very moderate cost we would recommend the Abingdon "Cord" Carpets, of British manufacture. A booklet, telling you all about them can be obtained on application to the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Thames Wharf, Abingdon-on-Thames.

The Menu: Meatless Dishes

Fish Purée

Take a small fresh haddock, wash it, and cut off the head, tail, and fins, skin and fillet it, place the head, bones, etc., in a saucepan with two quarts of water, one tablespoonful of oatmeal, a bunch of parsley, pepper and salt. Boil gently for one hour, stirring occasionally, then pass through a sieve, remove all bones from the saucepan, and replace the stock with about 1oz. of butter. Stir until this is melted, then add the fillets of haddock, boil until the fish is cooked (about ten minutes), and then pass soup and fish through a hair sieve. Reheat and serve with bread cut into dice and fried.

Butter Bean and Tomato Pie

Half a pound of butter beans, one onion, 1 lb. of tomatoes (fresh or tinned), 2 oz. of cooked rice, and 2 oz. of butter. Soak the beans overnight. Cook the onion and beans until soft. Grease a pie-dish, and place a thin layer of cooked rice at the bottom. Over this place layers of tomatoes (peeled and sliced), and the cooked beans. Add seasoning and small pieces of the butter and a little more rice, pouring over some vegetable stock as gravy. Cover over with a good pastry, and bake one hour in a hot oven.

Fricasseed Eggs with Mushrooms

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one ditto of flour, a sprig of parsley (finely chopped), half a dozen button mushrooms (cut in dice), half a pint of white stock or milk, six hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, salt and white pepper. Put the butter in a pan, when melted, add the flour, stirring constantly, then the parsley, mushrooms, stock, and seasoning. Allow these ingredients to simmer together for ten minutes. Add the eggs to the sauce, boil up, and serve.

Haricot Mould

Half a pound of cooked haricot beans, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, seasoning, one cupful of breadcrumbs, two raw eggs, one cooked onion, ½ lb. of tomatoes, two hard-boiled eggs. Well grease a pudding-basin, and decorate it with the hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Mash the beans, and rub them through a sieve, add the tomatoes, herbs, and onion (finely chopped). Mix in the raw eggs, well beaten; steam for one hour, turn out on a hot dish, and serve either with tomato or white sauce.

Potatoes en Surprise

Wash some potatoes, and bake in their skins till soft. Cut each in half lengthways, and scoop out the mealy part, taking care not to break the skin. Mash the potato with milk and butter, and season with salt and pepper. Boil some spinach, pass it through a sieve, and carefully line each half potato with the purée. Put a poached egg into the cavity, cover with the potato purée, and mark with a fork. Put little bits of butter on the top of the potatoes, and set in a brisk oven till of a golden colour.

Marconi à l'Italienne

Boil 3 oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, drain off the water, and put the macaroni back into the pan, stir into it 1 oz. of grated cheese, 1 oz. of butter, and half a pint of tomato purée. Mix well, and serve very hot piled on a dish.

EMILIA.